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SUMMER AND DEATH.

BY C. ELIZA BIRDSMAN.

There is gloom to-day in our vine-clad bow'r,
And heavy hangs each ling'ring hour,
Though sunbeams gild the green-robed earth
And flow'rets fair unfold to birth,
Whilst the balmy breath of the zephyr brings
The song that the bird and the brooklet sings.

But what to us are the sunbeams bright,
Since Death hath quench'd our household light?
And what the efflorescent bloom
Of flowrets—or their sweet perfume;
When low our bud of promise lies—
Cut down before our weeping eyes?
And why should bird and brook rejoice
When hushed for aye is our darling's voice—
Or earth in all its grand array
Mock us in sorrow and dismay?

Yet Faith a balm unto us brings,
More precious than earth's fleeting things;
For it can heal the bruised heart
And hope beyond this life impart!

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ESTELLE, quite unconscious of her aunt's desires and aspirations, enjoyed the novelty and beauty of all around her; and, if her heart beat a little at her own triumph, it was hardly to be wondered at. Attaches, secretaries of legation, foreign diplomats, officers with more decorations than she could count, rich idle men about town, all knocked at that heart in vain.

She came out of the ordeal fancy-free, and with a little air of the great world grafted on to her simplicity, which made her more attractive than ever.

Then, just after Easter, at a ball given by the English Ambassador, her fate came to her in the form of Tempest Mervyn. He was spending a fortnight's leave with a cousin, one of the smitten band of *attaches* "the forlorn hopes," as somebody called them—and went lightly enough to his doom.

"Who is that young lady?" he asked, catching his friend by the button-hole as he was hurrying past in the performance of his duties. "Introduce me."

"Which young lady?"

"That one in white silk and violets—*Napoleonist*, I presume."

"That? Oh," stammered young Alwyn, "that—she is not French!"

"No? I am glad of it," Mervyn rejoined, relieved to find that his Rugby French would not be called into requisition. "Present me, Alwyn."

"No use if I do," protested the *attache*, with perhaps a foreboding of his fate. "She is sure to be engaged ten deep."

"I mean to try my luck," Mervyn said, "all the same."

And he did, and was fortunate enough to obtain a waltz a long way down in the list. He went home to his hotel that night more forlorn than the forlornest hope he had been pleasant over a few hours before. He haunted the Bois every afternoon, he almost ruined himself with *fiacres*, rushing from ball to reception and from reception to the Opera or theatre in the same night, for a glimpse of the lovely face which disturbed his dreams, a smile, from the sweet lips which haunted his days. He left Paris at the end of fourteen days deeply, desperately, despairingly in love.

"My dear fellow, you are a gone 'coon'!" Stanley Alwyn said to him. "Pon my soul, I'm sorry for you! I knew how it would be when you would court destruction. We've no chance at all!" Alwyn was not of a sanguine disposition. "We poor wretches of subalterns and *attaches* are nowhere in this sort of thing."

Mervyn flushed furiously at the speech, but said nothing. He got another month's leave late in the summer, and caused Madame de Rougemont quite a disagreeable sensation by appearing at Ischl, where madame was taking sulphur and salt baths for the benefit of her complexion, and where there were such opportunities for the sort of open air flirtations which was the very thing to entangle a girl's affections and ruin her prospects in life. Madame said to herself crossly—

"Estelle is such a child! She is quite capable of throwing away everything for what a foolish girl calls love.

'Pah! Love is for children, love is for fools—a valuable agent perhaps in the hands of the woman who knows how to use it to gain what it may purchase for her, but, for the rest, a dream, a folly, a delusion, a snare.

"Estelle is meant for something better than to fall in love with a poor subaltern; that must be nipped in the bud.

"Such a brilliant career as she has before her! Even I never had such a chance," concluded madame, sighing over her lost youth and waning beauty, with a poignant regret that she had not made more of the marketable advantages whilst they were both in their full tide.

What was to be done? How were the Kurhaus Gardens, where all the world met in the afternoon to eat ices and hear the band play, to be prevented?

How was that ubiquitous young man to be excluded from the promenades in the covered green alley—where the mosquitoes were so rampant—at the other end of the town, the drives, pic-nics, and excursions in which everybody joined or at which everybody met?

Madame was too diplomatic and too wise to hinder these meetings or to forbid them; she took refuge in flight.

She gave up her complexion, her course of treatment, her health—all—for an ungrateful girl who had already done what madame had sacrificed so much to prevent—committed the egregious and damaging folly of falling in love with an ineligible.

Such weary pains too as madame took, dodging the disadvantageous match and spoiling her summer tour, enduring a week of August heat in Vienna, boring herself in out-of-the-way mountain places, trying to wear out the patience and the leave of that irrepressible young officer, who persisted in turning up in the most unexpected places, always with the most natural pretence of surprise at finding madame and mademoiselle there before him.

Madame deserved great credit for not losing her temper or her invariable politeness and graciousness of demeanor in those trying circumstances.

As for the amount of bribing of lady's-maids, couriers, and railway officials, the difficulties surmounted by the pursuing lover, the tact, energy, and perseverance brought to bear on this successful pursuit—they were worthy of the campaign, and at last, they were rewarded.

Madame, in her line of retreat, had encamped for the night on ground which was surely safe from the enemy, she thought—a little hotel on the top of a pass in Tyrol. Estelle had strolled forth to look up at the encircling mountain-tops, rosy with the flush of sunset, and down at the frowning grey peaks and dark billowy crests of pine wood.

She sat down on a boulder of rock just within the shade of a little knoll of pine-trees.

There a tiny stream came dancing down from its glacier-cradle above, singing as it came hurrying to join the noisy tumbling rush of the torrent in the gorge below. The rosy sunset light flushed through the little wood, illuminating the dark sides of pine and making the shadows darker and more deep beyond, where the sweeping branches shadowed like blue-black plumes in the twilight perspective.

Estelle sat dreaming in the perfumed stillness, quite unconscious of the picture she made—a pre-Raphaelite maiden, against a background of gray rock and purple and crimson lights, with her uncovered hair and luminous eyes, looking into an enchanted world.

Her large shade hat was lying beside her, her feet were set all amongst tiny mountain blossoms, bright as jewels, shining out of moss enamel.

It was so still that the girl might have been all alone in this world of nature.

Only tinkling of an occasional goat-bell in the ravine below and the brawling of the torrent, subdued to a musical rhythm and swell, broke the silence. And Estelle dreamed her dreams undisturbed.

A thin screen of trees divided her from the steep road the only access to this mountain, eyrie, up which the great lumbering diligence came toiling presently, two or three of its passengers—merciful men and merciful to their beasts—stepping laboriously along in its wake.

Estelle looked up as they passed; the quick crimson flashed into her cheeks as she descried one figure, taller, slighter, more distinguished than the rest, marked by that wonderful indefinable cachet which makes one being—"he"—supreme above all the rest of the world, set on a pedestal, shrined in a niche apart from his fellows in the sanctuary of a woman's heart of hearts.

"Miss Verney! You here? Of all places in the world!" exclaimed that arch-hypocrite Tempest Mervyn, as he strode through the trees to where Estelle sat.

She had only time to put her hat on—its protecting shade gave her confidence.

"Why not?" Estelle answered, determined that her voice should not tremble, although the exasperating color which spread to her temples was beyond her control.

"The pass is as free to us as you, is it not, Mr. Mervyn?" with a little nervous attempt at sauciness.

"At least I congratulate myself that it came in the way of both of us at the same time," Mervyn replied, just as if he had not been following on the track of the two ladies for the last two or three days, and just as if Mademoiselle Florine had not dropped her itinerary at every hotel on the route, like Hop-o'-my-thumb's white pebbles in the nursery tale.

"What an exquisite evening!" was the gentleman's next and not very original remark.

They had wandered out of the little wood now and down the road, quite unconscious either of them whither they were going, descending all the time until they halted on a bridge.

They stood there, looking down at the torrent which foamed and dashed below and up at the precipices which rose above, gray, frowning, tremendous, with dark hollows here and there where pine-trees clung and foaming torrents flashed.

Away in the distance, seen through a vista of towering mountains, the rose-flush still lingered on the white face of a snow-crowned giant; all around them was silence, solitude, repose.

"It is beautiful—sublime!" Estelle faltered suddenly, with a little breathless gasp of wonder and awe in her voice.

"Yes," he answered low, moved, as she was, by the scene.

Then they paced slowly back again up the path, silent and satisfied, until they came to the cluster of pine-trees again; and both knew that the hotel was close at hand, and this brief spell of delicious freedom nearly over.

"Miss Verney—Estelle," Tempest Mervyn exclaimed then with a rush "shall I—may I tell you why I have come here?"

Something like an electric shock ran from her head to her feet.

She stood still; her breath came and went hurriedly; to save her life she could not have uttered a word.

"I have followed you for three weeks," he said, his voice trembling in spite of his efforts to study it, "in order to—to say something to you, and now—now"—he broke off with an attempt at a laugh—"now I declare I am afraid to say it!"

He was mad with himself the next moment. Was this the way to woo a woman—to tell her he was a coward? He was a fool, and she seemed to think so.

She did not speak; she kept her face resolutely turned away from him; the little ungloved hand clutched the crimson knitted kerchief she had not yet fastened round her throat.

If she would only look at him! He could read his fate in her eyes, he—— What must she think of a fellow who acknowledged himself beaten before he made his venture?

"She is a woman, therefore to be wooed—a woman, therefore to be won," came into his mind. Ay, won, but by him?

That was the momentous question. He had all the humility of a true lover, this bold soldier who had outwitted madame and followed his love so far and long.

Now that he was about to cast his all on the die, he forgot the looks and tones, the sudden sweet blushes, the shy downcast eyes, which had seemed to mean so much to hopes, which appeared such a slender foundation now that his fears were uppermost.

"I have loved you since the first hour I saw you," he said at last, speaking low and solemnly in the shadow of the pines, as if he were in church.

She did not speak or move.

"I am a presumptuous fool," he cried bitterly, "for telling you so! Forgive me, Miss Verney. I had to say it somehow. It was too strong for me. Estelle"—with a sudden step forward, where he could look into her face—"Estelle! My own, my darling!"

And then in the shadows of the pine-wood the old, old story was told.

A quarter of an hour later a young gentleman and lady came up the pass, walking as if on air. Florine was standing at the door of the little hotel, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked forth anxiously.

"Madame has dined," she said to Estelle. "We searched everywhere for mademoiselle. It must be that mademoiselle is hungry. Will she not eat now?"

"No, thanks, Florine. Tell madame I have gone to my room. I have a headache. I——"

"It is the air," Florine said gravely, with the admirable discretion of a French chambermaid.

* * * * * *

"What can I say? You have my best wishes, my regards, my esteem. My niece is honored by your proposal; we thank you for it, Mr. Mervyn; but, until General Mervyn had been apprised of the matter and communicates with me as Miss Verney's guardian, of course it must all remain in abeyance," madame, in her half-foreign way, explained to the impatient lover. "You will understand how unfair it would be to my niece, to yourself——"

"Oh, as to me," the young man interrupted hotly.

Madame waved her white hands with a charming smile.

"My dear friend," she said, "it is for Estelle's sake. I stand in the place of her mother; I must act as her mother would. When General Mervyn ratifies the engagement, I shall not be found wanting. But, in the meantime, we cannot call it an en-

gagement. Of course my niece remains free; of course her name must not be compromised by any premature announcement. So much is due to her, you will perceive, Mr. Mervyn."

Mr. Mervyn acquiesced with a very bad glance, and madame had gained her point, which was time. She knew enough of General Mervyn—she had good reasons for knowing so much of him—as to be sure that he would never consent to the match; madame could afford to temporise. With time before her, the disastrous little *contre-temps* might be checkmated, the thing would fall to the ground. Estelle would forget her foolish fancy and fulfil her more brilliant destiny. So madame argued, recovering from the first shock of the discovery that, after all, the young girl's heart had slipped through her fingers.

"I may write," the lover pleaded, "in the meantime?"

"To me—yes," madame said sweetly. "I am your friend; trust me. I will give you every detail of our life, of our history, in the meantime."

And with this Mervyn was forced to be content. He went back to England next day; and madame breathed freely again, and prepared for a new campaign.

As for Estelle, her new happiness sufficed for her. He loved her! The weeks of shamed suspense, the pains and shames of maidenly love which had slipped like an imprisoned dove out of the hands of its mistress, were all over.

The assurance which alone could make the sweet pangs endurable had come, and they were all justified. She could lay her head down upon the pillow now, and say "He loves me," with blushes which had no maidenly shame, no drawback of fear in them. "He loves me!" It was a joy ever present with her. She awoke to it in the morning and carried it with her all the day.

"The English beauty is more beautiful than ever," the Parisian world said when she reappeared with a new radiance of beauty amongst them.

"Something has happened to the dear child," Clara Wilmer remarked musingly as she read the letters.

"She writes happily; she likes her life," the Rector said calmly, laying down the page.

"No, there is something more than that," the wife answered. "John, I believe she is in love."

"Then she would have told you."

"That depends. Perhaps it is not all settled yet, and she is in the first shyness of the thing. We shall hear by-and-by. You will see."

General Mervyn was intractable, as madame had concluded he would be. Tempest wrote hopefully, cheerfully, to madame. He would have his company ere long, and then his father would see the matter in a different light; or then he should be himself in a different position.

He would recognise no difficulties, acknowledge no impossibilities—everything was possible to his love.

Madame answered, also hopefully, effusively, winning the young fellow's confidence and gratitude, and keeping Estelle unsuspicious and grateful too, whilst she brought to bear all the resources on which she counted for undermining her constancy and for undoing all the foolish mischief of the summer.

Surely no girl who has tasted the delight of luxury, who had enjoyed the triumphs and the splendor of a Parisian season, who could command rank, wealth, and pleasure—all the world's prizes, as madame counted them—would prefer a poor, mean future, a struggle with poverty, and a nameless career!

This was how madame argued, leaving out the real essence of the question and quite mistaking the material on which she had to work.

Fate was hard upon the lovers that spring. The young lieutenant was sent to Hythe for musketry instruction just when he would have taken his long leave; and all he could do was to run over to Paris for a short ten days at Easter.

Madame received him with gracious smiles, but with a dismayed heart.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers, rich, distinguished, the best *parti* in Paris, was in Estelle's train, was seriously devoted; the world was beginning to whisper his admiration, the most brilliant prospects were opening out, even madame's ambition would be satisfied by them.

Were they all to be clouded, ruined, by the appearance on the scene of this unfortunate ineligible? Madame brought all her tact and diplomacy to bear on the emergency; and the lovers, frustrated at every point, wondered, suffered, and loved all the more for the strange tantalising chances which seemed to conspire against their meetings—finally with a faint dawning suspicion of the cause.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." And dark stormy days—darker and more stormy than their worst fears—were coming upon these two.

Their shadow was over Estelle as she stood fingering madame's English newspaper—which seemed at least to be nearer to her lover than any of the rest—and looking back over the bright days which were past and gone.

CHAPTER VII.

"THEN, Mr. Mervyn, I must ask your best attention again whilst I repeat to you your own theory of the case. It is very important that you should fully understand it," said the London lawyer whom Sir James Armstrong had brought down in anticipation of the adjourned inquest, which General's Mervyn's son was now pronounced by his medical adviser to be able to attend.

The young man sat, white and languid, in an arm chair on one side of the library-table at Woodford Priory; the lawyer sat opposite to him, a number of papers spread out before him, his keen, acute, lawyer-like glances flashing rapidly from the memoranda in his hand to the face of his client.

"Our theory then is—robbery," he proceeded.

"Robbery! But my father's gold repeater, a very valuable one, and his pocket-book with a considerable sum of money in it were untouched!" the young man interrupted, surprised.

"Precisely. I am coming to that fact. You left the General alone in his compartment at Woodford Station—he was probably the only passenger with a compartment to himself at that time, as the train was fuller than usual.

"The thief—murderer, I should say—gained access to him after you left, either in the ordinary course at Woodford Station—the officials remember nothing of the General or of any companion he may have had on leaving there—or he entered it from the other side after the station had been left behind. The General was likely to make resistance."

"Very likely," emphasised the son.

"He was struck then at once. Death, according to the medical evidence, was almost instantaneous; he would have been quite unable to give an alarm after receiving the death blow.

"The pocket-book was in his breast pocket, the watch attached in the usual way to his waistcoat.

"The murderer, proceeding to possess himself of these, was stopped by the accident, which must have happened at that juncture.

"He may have escaped in the confusion—more than one person, according to the evidence of onlookers, was seen jumping from the carriages at the crisis of the catastrophe—or he, the murderer, may have been killed; from the condition in which the carriage was found, he could hardly have escaped if he had remained in it. It was a complete wreck, as you may have heard."

"Yes," the young man assented.

"In that case however," the lawyer pointed out, "the body would have been found near that of the General, probably entangled in the same way. I cannot learn, after careful investigation, that any other dead body was found in such close proximity to your father's as to make it probable that the murderer was killed with him. He may however have met his death in jumping from the carriage, according to our first supposition, or he may have escaped altogether. Do you follow me?"

"I believe I do," the young fellow said, trying to rouse himself. "But, Mr. Pierce, it is rather strange, is it not—the time, the extreme improbability of the escape?"

"It is not for us to pick holes in our own defence," the lawyer suggested.

"Defence!" repeated the other.

"Well, yes. It may be as well for you to recognise, Mr. Mervyn, that there is another theory for which you must be prepared, which may be pressed at the inquiry presently.

"You—you were not on good terms with your father, I believe, at that time of his death?"

"We had a quarrel—a dispute, I should say—that day," Tempest answered, flushing deeply as the bearing of the lawyer's question dawned upon him.

"A serious dispute, was it? Pardon me for pressing the question."

"Yes, it was serious."

"And it was in consequence of this dispute that you left the carriage which the General occupied at Woodford Station?"

"Yes, in consequence of our difference, I suppose—but really I cannot say. I do not remember leaving the carriage.

"I am told I did so. I remember nothing but the quarrel. I was angry—I had reason; but I regret the whole affair now."

"You are quick-tempered?"

"Yes, I am passionate; so was my father—poor fellow!"

"May I inquire—do you object to say what caused the quarrel between you?"

"Yes, I should object decidedly."

"Was it money—debts—a very usual cause of difference between fathers and sons, as my experience tells me?" Mr. Pierce said suavely.

All this time the lawyer's keen eyes, accustomed to read men's souls through and through, to pierce the darkest and most safely hidden corners of thought and to drag forth and sift words and motives, were fixed upon the young officer.

"No, it was not money," he answered.

"But you know that the General was overheard in the course of the dispute threatening to alter his will—to disinherit you, in fact."

"I believe he did threaten something of the kind. I have a very confused remembrance of what was said. The only clear impression left on my mind is that we were both angry."

"There was a quarrel; you were angry—excited; you were the last person known to have been with the General before his death," said the lawyer slowly.

"You must forgive me if I am obliged to call your attention to these facts and to the line of inference which may be suggested judicially by the facts themselves. We shall of course have to meet these."

"It has troubled me a great deal. I have thought a great deal about it," his client admitted.

"It—it is unfortunate—it is horrible"—growing agitated—"but I cannot explain it. I have absolutely no recollection of what occurred at—at the last."

"You do not remember leaving your seat and entering another carriage at Woodford?"

"No, not the least in the world."

"I beg your pardon again—but your quarrel was confined to words—there were no blows? The General—he was passionate, we know, violent and uncontrolled in his temper sometimes—he was not tempted to raise his hand?"

A dark flush rose to the young fellow's temples.

"I remember that he did raise it," he replied—"it was a threatening gesture only, I believe. I would rather not remember it."

"And you?"

"I lose the clue there," the other answered, putting his hand to his head. "I have searched and searched; my memory becomes blank just at that point."

"Was it in consequence of that gesture that you left him?"

"Probably. I should say so. I don't know. Heaven knows I would tell you if I could!" cried the young fellow desperately.

"It is awkward," the lawyer submitted, "the failure of memory just at that point."

"I know it, I feel it. It is distracting!" the young man cried excitedly, laying a shaking hand on the lawyer's papers. "If I could only clear it all up for myself I would give ten years of my life. Sometimes it almost drives me mad. I was angry—furious, if you like; but I appeal to you"—earnestly, deeply—"could a man in his senses, however angry, commit such a crime as that—a hideous, dastardly crime? I do not believe it impossible."

"Of course," the lawyer said, "I believe it impossible that you could have committed it."

"Then there remains the question, Could I have gone mad? I have been mad since, it seems to me. They all tell me it is not so, that I have been ill, hurt, dreaming—a dozen things. Mr. Pierce, tell me now, on your honor as a gentleman—have I been out of my senses? Are they all deceiving me?"

"No, no," answered the lawyer. "You were injured in the accident; the shock affected your memory, as is often the case in such injuries.

"You suffered a great deal, no doubt—the circumstances added to the physical shock, but you have been and are as sane as I am myself at this moment."

"Will you swear it?"—eagerly.

"Yes, I will swear it, if you like," the lawyer responded cheerfully. "Now calm yourself; you are weak and shaken and not fit for much yet. You will be asked all these questions over again presently in the inquest-room.

"Try to answer without agitation or excitement. Bear in mind the theory I have put before you of a would-be thief; dismiss from your thoughts all other possibilities. Be prepared for the unfavorable inferences at which I have hinted; they are simply part of the judicial aspect of this affair. Do not let them unhinge you or throw you off your balance, even if they should be pressed. There is one thing more by the way"—speaking carelessly—"you had no knife, I presume, at that time in your possession?"

"I believe I had. I usually carry a small hunting-knife about me—in traveling especially."

"Where is it? It may be as well to account for it."

"I don't know; I have not overhauled my traps since. The man—Sir James's man—would perhaps know where to find it. It should be in the pocket of my ulster; that is where it is usually kept. Good Heaven"—with a sudden start and a horrified glance into the lawyer's imperturbable face—"has a knife—mine—been found?"

"No, nothing of the kind," calmly answered Mr. Pierce; "no weapon has been discovered. It is cold this morning; you will be the better for your overcoat. You can ascertain then if your knife is in its place. The question may be asked, you know. We will not ring on purpose; it will do presently."

Mr. Pierce, whose eyes saw everything without looking, watched whilst his client searched the pocket of the ulster, brought him by Sir James's man, and produced a cigar-case, a couple of pocket handkerchiefs and a French time-table—nothing more.

"Well?" said the lawyer smiling. "Are your belongings all there?"

"No," answered Mervyn, looking up with a haggard countenance. "A"—warned by a glance from the other—"two or three things are missing."

"That is all I found in your pocket, sir, when you arrived," the man assured him, turning over the articles as they lay on the hall-table; "there was nothing else. Have you lost anything, sir?"

"Nothing of any consequence," Mr. Mervyn answered. "After all, too, it may turn up somewhere else. My property has been scattered a good deal naturally."

Then he preceded Sir James to the carriage waiting at the door and took his seat in gloomy silence.

"Stop a minute!" Sir James called out, darting back into the hall and drawing Mr. Pierce into the library again. "Well"—when they were alone—"have you warned him, have you succeeded in jogging his memory?"

"I have put him on his guard," the other replied. "Mr. Cooper is to be relied upon, is he not?"

"Emphatically, yes," answered Sir James.

"The medical evidence is our strongest point," said the lawyer. "There is nothing to be got out of him as to the critical point in the story; I believe his mind is a blank just there. We must make the best of it." And the two men looked gravely at each other.

"Colonel Martin and several of the officers meet us at the Town Hall?" Sir James interrogated.

"Yes," said the other; "they may influence popular opinion; and popular opinion means the jury."

"But not the Coroner, I am afraid," Sir James rejoined, mindful of Mr. Pierce's idiosyncrasies.

"The Coroner is one man, the jury twelve," Mr. Pierce remarked succinctly as he led the way to the carriage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Man's Curiosity.

BY MADGE.

THE black-blue cloud of a stormy September sky was closing over the wild outlines of the rocky ledges; here and there a sudden zigzag of lightning revealed the skeleton figure of a group of crouching cedars, swaying to and fro in the restless wind, and Moose Lodge, the solitary little shooting-box among the main crests, seemed almost like one of the enchanted fastnesses in the Drachenfels, as the red light streamed from its low casement across the desolate gorge of the glen.

Mr. Chelmet had come home first.

At home he was the most prosaic of middle-aged lawyers.

Here, in the rough wilderness, he became a modern Robinson Crusoe, as he stood above the fire, turning a fat quail over the scarlet coals, on a gridiron improvised out of twisted wire, and keeping an eye at the same time on the pot of coffee, which was slowly simmering at his right hand.

And Major Medlar was not far behind—a stout, florid-faced, old-young man, in an elaborate shooting-costume and waterproof boots, whose game-bag hung limply over his shoulders.

"It's beginning to rain pitchforks," said he. "Phew! I never bargained for such weather as this. A fire looks comfortable. I wish we had a post-office nearer than nine miles away. A fellow misses his evening paper."

"You wanted a place where there were no neighbors to pry into your business," said Mr. Chelmet, still intent upon the browning of his quail's breast.

"But we've got neighbors," said Major Medlar, shaking the rain-drops off his coat before he exchanged it for a comfortable smoking-jacket.

"Nobody but crows and cedar-trees," said Chelmet scornfully.

"Two old maids," almost triumphantly enunciated Major Medlar. "In a miserable stone-house, half-way down the hill, where nobody would dream of anything but wolves and rattlesnakes."

"Oh!", said Mr. Chelmet, skewering a fresh bird, and powdering it with salt and pepper, "the Miss Holts. We rent Moose Lodge of them. I've heard of 'em as being very eccentric and pitiably plain. Their father was a great sportsman in his day."

"Eccentric are they?" said Major Medlar. "I should think so."

Mr. Chelmet set a couple of tin platters on the table, poured out the coffee, and reached down a box of soda-crackers, and a little stone pot of deliciously-fragrant butter, before he said succinctly—

"Supper's ready. What makes you speak so meaningly."

"And very good it smells," said Major Medlar. "I speak from experience, old fellow."

"Experience!"

The Major fortified himself by a swallow of coffee and a mouthful of broiled bird, before he answered mysteriously—

"I don't believe it's all right down there."

Mr. Chelmet stared.

"What on earth do you mean?" said he.

"I mean that some one ought to interfere."

"Don't be a fool, Medlar," crisply uttered Chelmet, spooning a creamy clot of condensed milk into his coffee.

"As a general thing," said the Major, almost angry, "I don't believe in prying into my neighbors' business, but when it comes to interests of humanity—that's quite a different matter."

"Suppose you explain yourself," said Mr. Chelmet, rather disdainfully.

"There's a little circular stone tower, just a stone's throw from the house itself," said the Major, lowering his tones.

"I know" said Chelmet; "I've seen it many a time from the rocks above the lake."

"I came past there to-night," said Medlar, "and I heard voices. Do you know, Chelmet, I believe it is a madhouse?"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Chelmet.

"Some one was chanting music. I tell you, old fellow, it made my flesh creep."

"Humph!" said Chelmet; "I heard you trying to sing "Tara's Halls" when you went to bed last night, and though it had rather a flesh-creeping effect I didn't set you down as a madman."

"But I'm really in earnest," roared Medlar.

"So you seemed to be last night."

"Oh, if you're going to turn the whole thing into travestie——"

And Major Medlar devoted himself grimly to his supper.

But although Mr. Chelmet had laughed, his curiosity was aroused.

"Perhaps," he said, the next morning, "we had better look into that thing."

"What thing?"

"Why, the mystery of Stonecroft Tower."

"Just what I've said all along," said Major Medlar. "There's a place just across the ravine where one can stand and look directly into the window."

And so these gentlemen, who had come

to Moose Lodge expressly to avoid the "peeping and prying" of a district infected with neighbors, constituted themselves into a committee of the whole to investigate the affairs of the Miss Holts.

Miss Holt was in the little round tower, busy at a crayon sketch. Miss Naomi Holt sat besides her, working in oils, while Sophronia Sims, the hired girl, "posed" in a white sacque, with hair streaming down her back, and hands tragically clasped for mad Ophelia (for the two old maids were artistically inclined, and subjects were scarce, and Sophronia really had a very pretty profile and perfect white arms), when suddenly there was a creaking and wrenching of the ivy trails that clasped the old tower, and Miss Naomi dropped her pallet.

"Bless me!" cried she, "whatever on earth is the matter?"

"Burglars!" shrieked Miss Holt, who was nervous and easily alarmed.

"It is I!" dramatically uttered Major Medlar, squeezing himself with difficulty through the narrow casement and dropping into the room, followed closely by Mr. Chelmet and Squire Simpson, who was justice of the peace for Moose Horn Hollow.

Miss Holt stood up like a stern avenging priestess; Miss Naomi got behind her more strong-minded sister, while Sophronia began to twist up her hair in a hurry.

"What do you want bursting into a private room like this?" said Miss Holt severely.

"We are here in the interest of humanity," said Mr. Chelmet.

"We have come to protect the friendless and oppressed," said Major Medlar rubbing his elbow, which was somewhat abraded by contact with the uncompromising stones of the tower.

"We want to know," said Squire Simpson, who was a stout man and spoke with a husky voice, "by what right your're a-detaining of this here poor crazy creature?"

"Crazy?" echoed Sophronia Sims, as the regard of the three strangers fell pityingly upon her. "No more crazy than your be! And I'll thank you to mind your own business."

"My poor creature——" began Chelmet.

"I ain't a poor creature," said Sophronia indignantly. "If I choose to play crazy Ophelia for Miss Jemima and Miss Naomi to paint in their fancy pictures, I guess it ain't no affair of the neighbors."

"Why its Sophrony Sims," said the squire; "as I've knowed ever since she was a little girl."

"Of course it is," said that damsel.

"She ain't crazy," said the squire.

"Of course I ain't," said Sophronia disdainfully.

"Then," said the squire, "I don't really see why I've been brought here.

"Perhaps these gentlemen will be good enough to explain," said Miss Holt with icy coldness.

Mr. Chelmet looked at Major Medlar; Major Medlar looked awkwardly enough at the points of his boots.

"We are very sorry," said the former.

"We—we thought there was something wrong," said the latter.

"In other words," said Miss Holt, "you are attending to your neighbors' business instead of your own."

"We are much obliged to you," said Miss Naomi; "but we can dispense with further surveillance."

"I have often heard of woman's curiosity," said the irrepressible Sophronia in a very audible *sotto voce*, "but it ain't nothing to a man's curiosity."

So our two heroes departed, feeling that they had scarcely covered themselves with glory.

"The women are right for once," said Major Medlar; "we have made fools of ourselves."

"But it was all your fault," said Mr. Chelmet.

And after that they devoted themselves exclusively to partridges, reed-birds and quails.

Beauty and the Beast.

BY HENRY FRITH.

PETITE is my cousin's name. "Pet" we always call her, and she was the pet of the household.

There were three girls of us and two boys. Pet was the baby. She was like any little humming-bird; as bright and gay, and as swift and graceful in her motions.

To strangers her beauty was a source of much comment, for the rest of us were simply passibly good-looking.

But Pet with her gleaming golden hair, her luminous grey eyes, straight little nose, and red, red mouth, her dainty feet and hands, and rounded supple figure, was exquisite.

Lovers? Yes, indeed, the child had plenty of them.

We always expected a new victim when a stranger came into our circle.

Dear mother used to give her anxious lectures about the evil in flirting; father cautioned his "little daughter" to be prudent; and the boys, Bob and Willie, laughed at her and stood ready to defend her with tongues or fists.

You might think that this popularity would have spoiled her, but it did not; for despite her apparently thoughtless nature she was at heart a true unselfish little woman.

We always prophesied great things for Pet, that she would marry a wealthy and handsome man, noble as he was handsome.

Pet herself would shake her head laughingly when we built a magnificent air-castle for her, and declare that she had no idea of marrying; that she would live with Lucy and me, and we would be three old maids together.

All this was before Professor Herman Goldstein came.

He was a German—a composer and teacher of music, to whom we rented our big front chamber, and the little bedroom opening from it.

He and father went into the city together every morning, but the professor always returned earlier than father.

He was a most exquisite performer on the piano, violin, and flute; and being remarkably quiet and gentle in his manners, we found him a very agreeable addition to our family.

Pet however ridiculed him most unmercifully, and joked him in her bright, saucy, audacious way, which he scarcely ever resented.

Indeed, before he had been with us a month, it became evident to all that Goldstein had followed in the way of all other male acquaintances, and was hopelessly smitten by our wild little girl.

Of course it was absurd.

Pet was only nineteen, and the professor nearly forty. He was a very tall man, with an immense brown beard, a big nose, and a bushy mass of brown hair which he had a fashion, when distracted, of tumbling into a most fantastic dishevelment.

His hair, beard, and eyes were all of a color, and the latter were really beautiful, but being undeniably near-sighted, he wore glasses which Pet declared made him look like an owl.

We regretted the professor's infatuation, for it was plain that Pet cared nothing for him, and he was as little as possible like the ideal lover whom we had dreamed of for her.

We regretted it also, because we had grown to have a warm regard for him, and we all felt that the crisis was near at hand when Goldstein no longer blind to Pet's indifference, would bid us farewell, and depart from our family circle which his presence had brightened so much.

One day news come from the village that the afternoon train from the city had been thrown off half a mile down the track.

One of our neighbors brought the information.

We were in the sitting-room—mother, Lucy, Pet and I.

Mother uttered a little shocked cry of—

"That's the professor's train!"

Then we all looked at Pet in amazement.

Her piquant flower-like face had turned deathly white, and I sprang towards her, for I thought she was fainting, but she waved me off imperiously.

"No, I am going—there!"

"Oh, no, my dear child," said mother, soothingly. "Mary and I will go and offer our services, if there is any call for them, but you had better stay here with Lucy."

"Oh, mother, let Mary stay. I must go with you."

There was no mistaking the anguish in our darling's face.

I looked at mother in mute dismay.

What if the child really loved the professor after all?

She carried her point.

Willie harnessed the brown pony into the phaeton, and mother and Pet rode away with wine and some linen for bandages, while Lucy and I at home prepared to receive either the professor or his lifeless body.

The time seemed interminable.

But at last we saw the phaeton moving up the road followed by a covered express wagon which had been converted into an ambulance.

We ran to the door.

Mother and Willie were in the phaeton, and mother said with a peculiar smile:

"Pet is in the wagon with Mr. Goldstein. He is severely injured, but we hope not fatally."

Sure enough, after they had carried the insensible figure of the professor into the house, Pet followed, looking very white and determined.

"She absolutely refused to leave him," explained mother, hastily; "I never was so nearly out of patience with her in my life. For the first time since she was born, she paid no attention to my commands. We have made a grand mistake, girls."

So it proved.

The professor had sustained some injuries about the head which resulted in brain fever; and the long and trying days which followed, Pet devoted herself to him.

In his delirium he talked of her ineffectually, while she sat like a little ghost beside his couch, wetting the bandages upon his head, moistening his feverish lips, and growing paler and sadder every day.

At last there came a time when the doctor informed us that if Goldstein awoke from the deep sleep into which he had fallen—if he awoke from that, in his right mind, he would recover.

Pet came to me, and kneeling upon the floor she buried her face in my lap and burst into tears.

"Oh Mary!" she cried, "If he dies without knowing how much I care for him what shall I do? I like him so much, you see, and yet I have said everything to mortify him. Only the day before he was hurt I drew a picture of him playing upon the violin, with his hair standing up every way, you know—and—and——"

Here her convulsive sobs choked her utterance.

I bit my lips to repress a smile.

I remembered the caricature of which she spoke; and I remembered too that the professor had shown more than ordinary feeling over it—flushing deeply, and pulling off his spectacles to gaze reproachfully at his tormentor, while he said with his queer German accent—

"The little one is unkind to her poor friend."

I waited for my sister's emotion to exhaust itself, and then asked, quietly—

"Pet, is it possible that you really care for Professor Goldstein after all? He is so much older, so queer, and so ugly——"

My!—how Pet's eyes blazed.

"Why, Mary, how can you call him ugly? He is just the most splendid-looking man I ever knew. And so kind, and noble, and—oh dear! I think he must hate me, I have been so rude and unkind to him."

And then she went off into another storm of weeping.

It all came about as no doubt my readers have foreseen.

The professor awoke to reason and to life and drifted slowly back to health.

He was anything but fascinating in his appearance in the long days of his convalescence with his long limbs, his haggard face, and tumbled hair; but Pet was so blissfully blind to all this, that the rest of us looked on in silent amusement while she served him as meekly as any little slave and the professor watched her adoringly out of his big solemn brown eyes.

Lucy was at first rather indignant at this order of things, but father and mother were well pleased, for they felt that Pet needed just such a firm gentle quiet master as this; one who would guide with a steady yet loving will her impulsive nature.

I was not surprised, therefore, when my mother, meeting me in the entry one day, said with smiling yet tearful eyes:

"Do you want to see Beauty and the Beast? Then walk past the sitting-room windows and look in."

Unfair as this seemed, I acted upon the suggestion, and there I beheld the professor in a big chair, with my pet sister in his arms, her tiny white hand tangled in his flowing beard, and her pretty face hidden on his shoulder.

Need I add that Pet is now Mrs. Professor Goldstein, and her husband's defender against any and all adversaries?

A BATTLE DESCRIBED.—A popular writer thus describes a battle: "We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and struggled. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe, for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every one is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using a short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out, and shatter, and mangle men until their corps cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to the capture of the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are exchanged for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from their bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That charge picks living men off their feet and throws them into a swamp, a blackened bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us, is the living foe! There are corpses around which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over rows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glories of war. Burial parties saw murder, where historians saw glory."

A LITTLE boy who was to pass the afternoon with a neighbor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl.—"No, mother, I didn't. You told me always to give the biggest piece to company, and I was company, over there."

Bric-a-Brac.

LAW DECISIONS IN SIAM.—They have a curious way of deciding law suits in Siam. Both parties are put under cold water, and the one staying longest wins the suit.

HYPOCRITES.—In the hereafter of Mahomet, the eternal mansions of the Christians, the Jews, the Magians, etc., are sunk below each other in the abyss, and the lowest is reserved for the hypocrites who have assumed the mask of religion.

THE PYRAMIDS.—The Egyptians, the first who entertained the doctrine of the resurrection of the spirit, embalmed their mummies and constructed their pyramids to preserve the "ancient mansions of the soul" until the distant period of their re-union.

THE NAME OF CICERO.—The sonorous name of Cicero is ridiculous in the Latin. It is as if we should term one of our great men The Wart. It was derived from the fact, that the original founder of the family had a wart, or some kind of excrescence, on the top of his nose. The Roman orator, in his youth, refused a solicitation to lay aside so ludicrous an appellation, saying, "I will make it glorious."

CATSKIN.—The coronation of Louis XV. was delayed three or four years, because he had neglected to send in time to Armenia for ermine. The animal is small and is getting rare, and orders it is said must be transmitted for the fur several years in advance. At the coronation of Louis XVI. they wore catskin. It would have been well had this been the greatest of that unhappy monarch's misfortunes.

SPIDERS AND MUSIC.—A French scientific journal relates an incident illustrating the susceptibility of spiders to music. A party at a country-house had formed a quartette and were performing a number of pieces, when two spiders were seen to descend upon their threads and hang near the top of the window of the room. They continued there for an hour, and did not go back to their nests until the music had stopped.

ECLIPSES IN CHINA.—When an eclipse commences red candles are lighted for luck, and the priests perform the ceremony of kneeling down three times and knocking the head nine times against the ground. An old superstition regarding eclipses among the Siamese was that when they occur that the sun is being married to the moon, and as the moon dislikes the match she is running away and the sun is in pursuit, and when he snatches her it is dark. An instance is mentioned of olden times in which the clouds having prevented an eclipse from being seen, the courtiers flocked to congratulate the emperor, that heaven, touched by his virtues, had postponed the event.

KINDS OF FUEL.—In Ireland as in America with coal peat is the only fuel; the Esquimaux burn oil for heating purposes; in Asia grass is pressed into the service; so, too, in the West the tall grass of the prairies is dried and pressed into bundles and stored for winter firing; in Arabia dried camel chips are used, and dwellers on the shores of Nova Scotia use the antlers of the moose to keep their fires up; in Egypt a use has been found even for mummies, body snatchers in all country breaking open the tombs and selling the embalmed remains for fire kindling; in some of the Western States cornecobs are burned with what seems terrible extravagance, and what would feed millions is quickly consumed to ashes.

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.—The dome of the capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 108 feet higher than the Washington Monument in Baltimore, 68 feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, and 23 feet higher than the Trinity Tower in New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,000 pounds. How much is that? About 4,000 tons, or a weight of about 70,000 full-grown persons, or about equal to a thousand coal cars, which holding four tons each, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its pier and pillars, is 12,447 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 77,000 pounds more. It would require, to crush the supporters of our dome, a pressure of 557,270 pounds to the square foot. This dome cost in the neighborhood of $1,000,000.

EARTH-EATING TRIBES.—A French naval surgeon has lately been exploring the northern parts of South America, more especially in the valley of the Oronoco and its affluents. Among other facts of observation, he states that the Guarannos, at the delta of that river, take refuge in the trees when the delta is inundated. There they make a sort of dwelling with branches and clay. The women light, on a small piece of floor, the fire needed for cooking, and the traveler on the river by night often sees with surprise long rows of flames at a considerable height in the air. The Guarannos dispose of their dead by hanging them in hammocks in the tops of trees. In the course of his travels, he met with earth-eating tribes. The clay, which often serves for their food whole months, seems to be a mixture of oxide of iron and some organic substances. They have recourse to it more especially in times of scarcity; but, strange to say, there are eager gourmands for the substance, individuals in whom the depraved taste becomes so pronounced that they may be seen tearing pieces of ferruginous clay from huts made of it, and putting them in their mouths.

WHAT MATTER?

Ten years it is, I well remember,
Since you and I the first time met;
You just arrived at woman's beauty,
I but a youth, in years, as yet.

Ten years, so fraught with stirring changes,
For me just threading manhood's ways,
The building season of the passions,
The training ground of later days.

And now your picture comes before me,
The same sweet face of long ago—
Yet not the same, for on your forehead
The locks once black are flaked with snow.

Your eyes have still the self-same sweetness,
Your laugh, I think, as clear and gay,
As when we strolled through fern-y forests
In that far-distant, younger day.

What matter, then, though Time too early
This frost-work o'er your brow has flung?
He hath no power to dim the beauty
Of one whose soul is ever young.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR GUY took the child in his arms, clasped her to his heart, and a tear fell on her crimson cheek as he pressed his lips to hers. She put her little arms round him, and her soft cheek nestled for a moment against his; then she slipped from his hold.

"It is so rough. I don't like your rough hair, papa," she said, as his beard rubbed against her tender cheeks. "Please let me go."

"Won't you stay with papa, Lina?" he asked, mournfully. "I have got such pretty toys for you from other countries such as you never saw before."

"Then please come to the schoolroom, papa, and let Miss Halloway see them too," said the child; "and perhaps she will tell you to cut off all that rough hair, papa; and then Lina will kiss you and love you so dearly," she said, nestling up in his arms, though carefully avoiding the touch of his beard.

"Ah," said he, smiling sadly, "this is the first lesson in English ways I have had since my return—eh, Florence? Am I, indeed, such an ogre?"

"An ogre!" repeated Florence, with a glance that spoke more plainly than words what her opinion was of her cousin.

"Well, Lina is at least truthful and candid," he said. "So far, her training must have been good, and I thank you warmly for it, Elise," he continued, addressing himself to Mrs. Escourt.

"Oh, I could scarcely fail to tend your child, Guy, with a mother's care," replied the lady. "And then Florence has really devoted herself more than I thought right to the little girl. I had, of course, retained Nurse Allen for her attendant, but Flo quite gave herself up to the nursery, and I put an end to the seclusion at last by engaging a governess, though not a very experienced one, and I fear I was rather hasty in my judgment of her capabilities; but still it was only till you returned, and could make your own arrangements."

"You are very kind, Elise," he replied. "I had feared I was imposing an irksome task on you when I placed my motherless child in your household; but I see I scarcely appreciated you aright. And you, Florence, I thank you from my heart. It is, indeed a true and womanly nature that at your age can devote itself to a child like Lina," he added, raising the white taper fingers to his lips with deep feeling.

"But you will leave her with us, Guy; you will not take our pet away?" said Florence, and she threw a quivering emotion in her sweet voice that might well deceive her listener. "Lina is the light and joy of the house. She is dear for her own sake, as well as—"

Then her blue eyes fell as Florence stopped, blushing.

"Flo is right; we cannot spare her yet," said Mrs. Escourt.

"Thanks, thanks, my dear cousins," said Sir Guy in a voice by no means steady. "This is very precious to me to feel that so much kindly sympathy and affection is still left to me after so long an absence. Yes, do not think that though for three long years the wanderings of a troubled heart have kept me an exile, that I have forgotten home and its dear ties. Nor could I ever cease to remember what drove me into exile. No, Elise, the old wound rankles there."

A bitter compression of the lips and a rigid setting of the features into gloomy repose told of the pang that shot through his heart. And as he and his fair cousins gazed thus on each other, occupied in widely different but yet engrossing feelings, Lina stole from the knee where she was standing and ran from the room.

"Ah, the truant has flown," said the young man, with a sad smile, as a little laugh of childish glee fell on his ear. "Well, I must not complain. My own child can scarcely know me or look on me as aught but an intruder. It must be my study to win her love in time."

"Oh, yes, that will be no difficult task," said Florence, smiling.

"Not for you, my fair cousin; but for a roughened, saddened man like me it is different," he said with an admiring glance at the beautiful girl that brought a pleased flush to her face.

"You are a flatterer, cousin Guy," she replied, playfully shaking her fan at him. "You have learned the lesson among the foreign beauties at whose feet you have been lingering."

A dark look again came over his handsome features, and he said, bitterly, "No-no, Florence. Think not that I forget that one memory. That pale, beautiful, sad face followed me everywhere—ay, it came between me and the Madonna; came looking up at me from the still waters of the lakes, from the storm clouds, from the blue skies.

"Night and day that face was always with me, as it breathed out its last sweet, resigned, loving sigh on my breast.

"There was little sympathy between me and the fair and gay in those foreign lands."

There was silence for a time; then Mrs. Escourt spoke.

"At least," said she, "there is sympathy for you here, my cousin. You will remain with us for a time, and learn to get acquainted with your child, and become once more familiar to old England.

"You must not think of leaving us for a long time yet, Guy."

"Thanks, thanks, Elise," said he. "I will at least accept your kindness for a time till my plans are more decided. I could scarcely bear to settle at Springdale."

"Your rooms have been long ready, Guy," said Mrs. Escourt.

"Our Lina's father was, as it were, a natural inmate of Lina's adopted home; and we will be very quiet till you are more equal to society."

"Thank you, from my heart," said the afflicted man, looking gratefully at the fair speaker—"that is all I can say."

He then hastily left the room, and the ladies exchanged looks.

"You have your task before you, Flo," said Mrs. Escourt, half mockingly.

"Not a difficult one, Elise, if you second me properly," she replied. "A man in Guy's state of mind is very easy to win."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Escourt, "He is certainly in a rather promising frame of mind in some respects, but not in others; and Lina is such a tiresome child! Why, she will soon reveal all the truth.

"She will very quickly undeceive Guy as to your extreme fondness for her. And then she has such a fondness for that governess—it is rather a ticklish game, Flo."

"Then I must say it is chiefly your fault, Elise," replied Florence. "Who would have dreamed of taking a young and pretty girl like that into the house?"

"I thought you despised her when she first came, Flo," said her sister.

"Did I know," said Florence, with an angry pout, "that Guy would come back in such a sentimental mood?

"I knew that he was as proud as Lucifer, and never dreamed that a governess, even if she was as beautiful as Venus, would have the least attraction for him. But really, I do not know now what folly he might not commit."

"Well, Flo, I advise you not to lose your temper, nor to risk my good will," said Mrs. Escourt. "I have promised to do all I can for you, and I will keep my word. I shall so arrange that you will have the best possible opportunity to appear all that is gentle, sympathizing, and domestic; and if you play your cards well, you have a chance of success, and that is all, for I do not think it possible that he will ever marry again. If he does, it will be from some very eccentric reason, I can tell you.

"And now I am going to Mr. Escourt. He is in a very good humor just now, because I have given up a party for the present, and I shall have a better chance of bringing him to our side. Really, Flo, I am the most exemplary of sisters!"

"You are, Elise, and I quite appreciate your motives and your affection," replied Florine, meaningly; "and when I am lady of Springdale I shall endeavor to show you that I am not ungrateful."

A scornful look was on the girl's face as her sister left the room.

"Oh yes, very affectionate, very exemplary," she said.

"I am rather too young and too beautiful for her to like me in the house.

The young wife of the elderly master of Escourt Park is a great card in the country; but I contrast too strongly with beauty on the wrong side of thirty. It will not do, Mrs. Escourt. You cannot deceive me; but you may, and you shall serve me!" she said, as she rose and retired to her own dressing-room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO days had passed since the first arrival of Sir Guy Capel in England. He had accepted his cousin's renewed invitation; and, after a few hours' delay, had removed a great portion of his travelling belonging to Escourt Park.

The baggage was indeed interesting in its contents to more than one of the party at the park. Not only did it contain elegant Egyptian ornaments for Elise and Florence, and oriental shawls and fairy-like dresses of Indian manufacture, but it had a quantity of pretty and strange toys for Lina. And by degrees he induced her to come to his room and gaze at all the beautiful wonders he had collected, and sit at his feet on her low stool, examining the various toys and pictures that lay in profusion around her. At first he tried to amuse her by explaining the picture and the uses of the toys in simple, childlike language. But the remembrance of the departed one, who should have been there to aid in winning the childish heart and training the dawning intellect to development and comprehension, gradually overcame his efforts. He remembered the time when he had first kissed that baby face, and then turned in agony to the pallid features on the pillow at its side. He thought of his early dream of happiness and its sudden change; he thought of the day when he had gone forth on his wanderings, after a brief farewell to the infant that but too painfully recalled his loss, and his words gradually ceased, or became unintelligible to the child, and she became half frightened.

"Papa, Lina wants to go," she said shyly.

"Would you leave Papa, my darling?" he asked, mournfully.

"But papa is so still and looks so grave; Lina is afraid," she replied gently.

"Well, well, you are right, my pet," he said, kissing her flushed cheek. "Papa is naughty. He must talk to his little girl. He is unhappy sometimes, my child, and then he forgets to talk; but he always loves his treasure."

His eyes grew moist with tenderness as he looked on the lovely child, who sprang suddenly into his arms at the mention of sorrow.

"Papa must not cry now. Lina will not let him cry. Miss Halloway cries sometimes, and then Lina kisses her and the tears go away," she said, with a pretty look of childish gravity and importance.

"And who is Miss Halloway?" he asked, rather to keep up a dialogue with the child, than from any definite curiosity as to the lady in question.

"Don't you know?" said the child, wonderly.

"Why, she takes care of Lina, and teaches her from great books, and tells her pretty stories when she has done her lessons, and is so pretty and so clever. Oh, you must know Miss Halloway, papa."

"I am sure she must be very kind to my little girl," he said, soothingly, "and therefore I shall be very happy to know her some other time, Lina; but now I must go down, for your cousin Florence wants me to sing with her; so run away to your favorite, my darling."

"I am so sorry you cannot come, papa," said the child, hesitatingly. "You could tell Miss Halloway what those pretty toys mean, and she would play with me then."

"Not now, my dear," he said; "another time, perhaps. But do you not love Cousin Florence?"

"I love Miss Halloway best," was the evasive reply.

The father pressed the subject no more, but ringing the bell for Nurse Allen, despatched the child and the playthings to her own room.

"Florence" said he, as he entered the boudoir where Florence was bending over some graceful trifle, "my little Lina seems very fortunate in a governess.

"She must be a perfect paragon, from the child's description."

Florence looked down for a moment to conceal the bitter scorn on her lip; then she suddenly collected herself, and looking up, said—

"I hope she is right, Guy; I have faith in the instincts of childhood, and I admire this poor girl myself; but still, I confess I am a little apprehensive that Elise was too hasty in her approval."

"Why, Florence?" he asked, and his tone was quick and anxious.

"Have you seen her, Guy?" said Florence, looking quickly up.

"No, certainly not," he replied; "but Lina seems enchanted with her."

"Ah, yes; well, I should be very wrong to say one word about the poor girl," said Florence. "Of course you will judge for yourself, and time will prove; but, in fact, she is so charming, that I feel I cannot bear to say what I fear."

"But, my dear cousin Florence, for my sake?" said he.

She looked sweetly bewitching as she replied, with a pretty, serious air, and one hand laid on his arm:

"No, Guy, you must really not ask me one word more. The girl is so pretty, and so graceful, and so attractive, that if I told you one-half my fancies, you would say it was woman's jealousy; so you must just observe and judge for yourself. You shall never think me unkind or envious, whatever my other faults may be."

She made a few steps toward the piano, but Sir Guy stopped her.

"My dear Flo," said he, "what an idea!—as if I ever I could think you jealous or envious, when you could find so few rivals in beauty or grace. But, as my only child is concerned, I must beg you to waive such scruples."

"Ask Elise, then," said Florence, as Mrs. Escourt entered the room. "I have more than once ventured to call her attention to what I disapproved, before your return released us from all responsibility."

"What is it you two are talking about so gravely?" said Mrs. Escourt, catching the cue at once.

"Oh, only of poor Hilda Halloway," replied Florence blushingly. "I told Guy how very pretty and attractive she is; and I was foolish enough to let him see that I was not very fond of her; and he is determined to know my reasons."

"Ah, that is so like you, Flo," said Mrs. Escourt; "always willing to praise and shield others. Well, the fact is, Guy, I fear that the girl is a regular adventuress. She does not appear to have a single friend or relative to look after her; and how she got to the school from which I took her, I cannot imagine. She evidently lays herself out for admiration in a most forward and indelicate way, which has forced me to confine her to the school-room when any one is in the house. And I find that she carries on a correspondence with some youth at a distance, though I have ascertained that she has no brother, and that the letters are addressed to the 'post-office' where he lives."

Sir Guy frowned. His features, singularly mobile, could in an instant change from sadness to extreme sternness, from a soft and bewitching smile to the heaviest frown.

"If that be true," said he, "she must not remain as governess to my child."

"But, my dear Guy, you must not be hasty," pleaded Florence, apparently forgetting all in her amiable anxiety for the poor girl.

"You know Lina cannot be injured at present by any levity on her governess's part; and really——"

"Hush, Flo! You forget all, in your goodness," said her sister. "Really, Guy, this sister of mine is a regular 'Sister of Mercy,' and almost as much inclined to seclude herself from the world. I positively have to force her into society, Guy. And now that I want to honor your return, and try to divert your mind a little, I have quite a difficulty in inducing her to send out invitations and accept them with me."

He cast a look of interest on the beautiful girl who sat there, in her delicate cashmere wrapper.

"Is it so, Florence?" he asked. "Can I really believe that one, so qualified to shine in the gayest circles, is sincere in preferring to society the quiet of her own home?"

Florence looked at him with a becoming and modest blush.

"Can you blame me Guy?" she said. "I know well that society has claims on one even so insignificant as myself; but they are very irksome to me at times, and I find myself longing for other things than this pursuit after pleasure."

A flush of approval came to Sir Guy's pale cheek. It was grateful to hear such words from lips so young and lovely; but the old wound was too deep for him to be easily deceived.

"Florence, you differ greatly from the rest of your sex," he replied, with a touch of bitterness.

"I had the idea that an elegant equipage, a town house, a box at the opera, jewelry, and dress, were a woman's *summum bonum* of life.

"I thought the words 'domestic enjoyment,' 'home,' and 'happiness' were now obsolete in woman's vocabulary."

Florence laid her hand gently on his arm, and there was a sweet reproachfulness in her eyes and tone.

"Cousin Guy," she said, "do you really believe that there are not true women left, who prefer their own firesides and the companionship of kindred souls to the hollow flatteries and the frivolous pleasure of the ball-room? Nay, you wrong us sadly, Guy."

Then her tone and expression changed, and she laughed with bewitching lightness.

"Come," said she, "I really did not intend to read an essay on the 'true woman,' nor a homily on 'domestic happiness' to one who has been studying this in so many lands for the last few years. And yet I challenge you to refute my declaration. See, there is my glove," she added, playfully throwing it towards him.

"Nay, my fair cousin," said Sir Guy, securing the glove. "I accept the gage, but not as a challenge, save to enter the lists on your behalf, and not as your opponent. See, I put it next my heart, as a good knight should, and confess my sins, and ask pardon for my scepticism."

He knelt on one knee and lifted her hand to his lips. Florence blushed deeply; and Elise, by some mysterious instinct, disappeared as Sir Guy rose and threw himself on a low ottoman near the couch where Florence was sitting.

"Ah, cousin," he said, gravely, "you jest, it may be, at my incredulity,—call it rather my bitterly-earned experience.

"But Florence, you can never know what I have suffered—never guess how I have looked and longed for some kindred heart, some real sympathy to heal the sorrow of the past."

Oft in sunshine, oft in shadow,
On my way that far I've gone,
Still a lonely, exiled wanderer,
Yearning still for love and home.
Yearning for a place of refuge
From the world's unceasing strife.
Where, by loving arms encircled,
I may find the goal of life.

"But I shall weary you," he said suddenly, the flush fading from his face. "I am bringing gloom into a Bird of Paradise nest."

"Say rather an humble sparrow, that sits contentedly beneath the domestic eaves," replied Florence.

Sir Guy looked at the beaming yet softened face of the graceful girl; was it indeed genuine—that sweet, domestic, modest taste? Could he be so blest as to have found at last the very ideal of his heart? It seemed perfect, certain, alluring in its fair promise. Still he would not commit himself yet; no, not yet.

"Lina must not have a mother who could fail to guide her in all that was sweet, and womanly, and feminine. If he could risk his own happiness, he would not his child's welfare.

Sir Guy drew back from the dangerous contact, and changing the subject, proposed to begin their practice; but it was only an exchange of dangers.

"Although Florence was not a brilliant performer, yet the soft Italian words from her beautiful lips went home to the desolate heart of the bereaved man. Sir Guy was more than half won; and Florence knew it.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE ladies are not at home, Sir Guy. They did did not expect you back till to-morrow, and they are gone to Mrs. St. John's ball."

Such was the reply that greeted Sir Guy on his return to Escourt Park. He had been suddenly called away to his own house by the severe illness of the steward, and his return was not expected for several days.

He walked forward to the deserted apartment, where the servant informed him he

would find the fire and lights quite ready, as Mr. Escourt had not long retired to bed.

"My master is not very well, sir," added the man.

"Not very well?" said Sir Guy.

The wife and sister gone to a ball! Was this the practice of Florence's theory? An unpleasant smile was on his lips, as the thought crossed his mind. He felt pained at the doubt it conjured up of his fair cousin's truth. Perhaps he was unjust. It might be that Elise had insisted on her sister's going with her to the ball, and it would hardly have been her place to remain with her brother-in-law when his own wife left his side. Or it might have been Mr. Escourt's own wish to be left alone.

Sir Guy walked into the lonely apartment, and, sitting down by the fire, began to muse, while the servants brought in refreshments for him.

Suddenly an impulse seized him when he had hastily partaken of the meal; he would go and see his child.

She at least was true and loving for the present, and his heart yearned to clasp the little one again in his arms. She seemed all on which he could depend just now.

He went towards the nursery apartment, which he remembered full well, though he had never been invited to visit them since his return.

On his way thither he encountered Nurse Allen just coming towards the back staircase that crossed the corridor from his apartments to the nursery.

"Good evening, Mrs. Allen. I suppose I am right," he said kindly; "the old nurseries, I imagine, are still used for Lina?"

"Yes, Sir Guy; but I am sorry to say that Miss Lina is not quite well. Nothing of consequence, Sir Guy; so don't be alarmed, sir. I think the dear child is just sickening for the measles, or something of that sort; but I am going to send a man for the doctor. Nothing like being in time, I say; though I believe I can do just as well as he can."

The baronet turned pale. To his alarmed and sensitive nature, the first symptom of danger to his child seemed to herald the worst.

"Who is with her, nurse?" he asked.

"Only Miss Halloway," she replied; "a mere girl, you may say, and yet I'd trust her above half the old unarried women in the country; and she's so fond of Miss Lina. But go in, sir, I'll be back directly."

The young father hurried on. The door of the nursery was closed; but he could hear the sweet voice of his child in tones more feeble and plaintive than was their wont, and another, and scarcely less sweet voice, trying to soothe her suffering.

He abruptly opened the door, and a beautiful picture met his eyes: his dear child, evidently prepared for bed, for her nightgown and little feet were visible through the thick wrapping gown in which she was enveloped, lay on the lap of a beautiful girl.

She was bending over the child, and clasping her caressingly to her bosom, while her soothing words kept murmuring in the little invalid's ear, in the hope of calming her to sleep.

The bright fire cast a reflection over the two fair figures, and Sir Guy thought he had never seen any more lovely and beautiful.

For a few moments Hilda did not perceive the baronet's entrance, and he could hear the soft, loving words with which the young nurse was trying to soothe her patient.

He fancied that he had never heard a sweeter voice, and he lingered a moment, reluctant to disturb the interesting scene. But a feverish, restless movement of the little girl made Hilda look up, and then the figure standing in the doorway, caught her eye. She half rose, and a faint scream escayed her lips.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Halloway," he said, quickly advancing to the fire-place. "I am the father of your little charge. Lina, look up at papa, will you not?"

The languid eyes opened, and a bright smile came to the dry lips.

"Papa, papa, I am so glad!" she said, stretching out her little arms, in spite of Hilda's efforts to keep her within the wrapper.

"Yes, darling; papa will not leave you again. Is she very ill, Miss Halloway?" he said, his voice quivering.

"Not very, I trust, Sir Guy," she replied. "Mrs. Allen thinks it is measles, and that is not a serious complaint; but Lina does not like to lie in bed by herself, and I am just keeping her warm till Nurse Allen returns."

"And I will stay with Miss Halloway," murmured the child.

"She is so gentle, and tells me stories, and sings to me, papa. Please let me stay with her."

Sir Guy looked on the little fond face, and the beseeching looks of his child, and tears came into his eyes.

"My precious one, you shall do whatever you like," he said. "Miss Halloway, pardon my intrusion, will you not? I can't leave my precious child."

The young girl blushed painfully. She knew full well that ill-natured remarks would be made by Florence Horton, at her being alone with a handsome young man at that hour; but she had neither the right nor the inclination to forbid the father of her pupil from remaining with her.

"It is not for me to forbid nor to permit, Sir Guy," she replied; "and I am sure Lina will be better now you are here—will you not, my darling?"

"Lina's head aches," was the plaintive reply; and her flushed face was buried once more in the folds of the dress of her young governess.

Sir Guy sat down, his troubled heart torn with anxiety and distress. Hilda's sweet calm face, was like that of an angel at that moment.

"She is only suffering what is natural, Sir Guy," said Hilda. "She will soon be relieved, if it is what Mrs. Allen thinks."

"Tell me a story. Lina wants to go to sleep," interrupted the little plaintive voice.

"Do, Miss Halloway. I shall have pleasure in listening also," said Sir Guy, half smiling at the hesitation of the girl, and her timid glance at times.

Hilda half returned the smile. Then she began the old, old tale of Red Riding Hood and her soft voice went winningly through the well-known incidents in low, soothing tones, that quickly calmed the child. The hand drooped more and more on the shoulder, against which it was clasped, the lids closed by degrees more heavily and firmly over the eyes, and the lips relaxed in their tight pleasure.

Sir Guy looked on admiringly. Hilda was indeed beautiful at that moment. Her black dress enhanced the fairness of her complexion; her hair burnished into gold by the bright light, was disposed in bands over her forehead, her soft hazel eyes, her hands clasped about the infant form, the loving tenderness of her look seemed the very impersonation of a pure and fair Madonna.

"Miss Halloway," he said, in thrilling soft tones, "you must indeed be early used to suffering to be so experienced with your charge. My dear Lina could not be in more loving and more skilful hands."

"I have known suffering," she replied; "but who could help cherishing such a dear child as this? It is instinct."

"Womanly instinct, if you will," he said, sadly—"or unwomanly, as I am sometimes tempted to think."

At this moment Mrs. Allen entered.

"Ah, pretty dear!" said she; "she will do well if she sleeps. There's no one like you, Miss Halloway, for getting her to sleep. I sometimes tell Mrs. Escourt you can do more with her than I can, pretty darling! though I have nursed her from her birth."

"Is she very ill?" asked Sir Guy.

"Dear me, no, Sir Guy. Just childish—up one minute, down the next," replied Mrs. Allen. "Only if the doctor comes he will tell us whether to put her in a warm bath, which I would like to do; but I am always cautious about any rash, you see, Sir Guy."

Another anxious hour passed. Lina slumbered in Hilda's arms, and her eyes opened fretfully whenever any attempt was made to place her in bed. So at last they gave up all such idea; and when the doctor was at last announced, he found the group just as we have described.

A smile crossed his grave lips as he looked from the handsome baronet to the beautiful young nurse, and then at the lovely child on her lap.

It was indeed a tableau that might well have caught the eye of an artist, and that could scarcely fail to suggest ideas of affection and of domestic life to the inexperienced eyes of the doctor.

Dr. Farren had seen Hilda more than once when he had been visiting Mr Escourt, and on more than one occasion he had been induced to wish that his directions could be confided to the sweet-looking, gentle girl, rather than the haughty wife or careless sister-in-law of the patient.

"Sir Guy Capel, I believe," he said, as the baronet rose on his entrance.

"Happy to welcome you back to England. I should scarcely have known you at the first glance; but then I only saw you once before, I fancy, when this little girl was in her teething troubles. Well, and what's the matter now, my pretty darling?"

The worthy old physician sat down by the side of the fair young nurse, and began to examine his little patient, asking questions as to the symptoms of the child.

"Come, come, nothing to look gloomy about," said he; "I fancy it will turn out to be the measles, and as that is an inevitable complaint, the sooner it is gone through the better.

"There don't disturb yourself, young lady. I can see all I want. We will have a hot bath, and some simple medicine for the child, and in the morning I suspect we shall find sufficient proof of the malady. Come, nurse, let's have the little one put into the bath at once, and then into a warm bed."

"No, no. Stay with you!" said the child to Hilda.

"No, no, little lady," said Dr. Farren, smilingly; "you must be put into a warm bath, and your kind friend will stay with you till you fall asleep, and nurse can come to you."

"I will not leave her," said Hilda firmly. "I shall sit up with her all night. Don't be afraid, Lina, darling. I will stay with you."

The child's eyes opened for a minute in grateful acknowledgment, then dozed wearily. And the dark eyes that were fixed on the young governess flashed eager pleasure at the unmistakeable scene.

Sir Guy Capel could scarcely doubt now that there was a woman who loved home and domestic duties; but then perhaps she had not been tested.

"Come, Sir Guy," said the doctor, rousing him from his reverie, "the sooner my prescriptions are carried out the better. Suppose we leave the women-kind to their duties."

Sir Guy started, and followed the physician from the room.

An hour afterwards, and the little girl was asleep in her warm bed, drawn near the fire, where she could both see and feel the presence of her favorite governess, and where the soothing influence of the remedies used soon threw her into a sound sleep.

But Sir Guy did not retire even then. He called Mrs. Allen to the dressing-room.

"Did Mrs. Escourt or her sister know that Lina was ill?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir Guy," she replied. "I told my lady yesterday morning that the little darling was sickening for something, and she said the doctor could be sent for to-day, if she was not better; but that she did not think it was anything particular." "And Miss Horton?" he asked.

"Miss Horton!" said the nurse. "Why, Sir Guy, she's got something else to think about than anybody's ailments. She's got beauty, Sir Guy, and that's enough for Miss Florence."

Sir Guy smiled sadly. A pang went through his heart at the words; for though he certainly was not in love with Florence Horton in the deepest and truest sense of the word, he was yet sufficiently fascinated by her beauty and grace, her wit and talent and the preference she showed for himself, to feel acute pain at the idea of her proving unworthy.

Sir Guy Capel was reserved, proud, and, from circumstances, suspicious. The near kindred that he bore to the lovely Florence was an additional charm to him. Her birth was undoubted, her fortune immaterial to one of his ample means; and her sympathy and knowledge of his antecedents gave an ease and charm to their intercourse.

He was, as she had once said, "more than half caught;" and thus Nurse Allen's words came cold and unwelcome on his heart. "You are severe, nurse," he said, smiling. "I hope your young coadjutor yonder does not come under the same lash."

"She, Sir Guy! What, Miss Hilda?" said the nurse. "No, indeed; she's the sweetest young creature that ever lived—so gentle and thoughtful, like an old woman; and yet so young and childish in her ways. Why, she's not easily to be matched—that's my idea."

"Where did my cousin get her, then?" he asked.

"That's more than I know, Sir Guy," she replied. "I fancy from some school or other; indeed the poor young lady is but a child still, you may say.

"But she never talks of the past, and she does not seem to have any friends or relations; and so I take it she's an orphan, especially from her deep mourning; indeed, she once said as much, poor dear!"

A faint murmur in the adjoining room summoned Nurse Allen from her gossip, and Sir Guy settled himself in the easy chair, determined to remain there till the carriage bearing Mrs. Escourt and Florence should return. He wished to see what course Florence would take on the unexpected tidings that awaited her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was very late when Mrs. Escourt and Florence Horton returned from the ball at Mrs. St. John's.

On hearing the sound of the carriage Sir Guy went down to the library, and there waited their coming.

The glitter of Florence's ball-dress was scarcely brighter than her eyes and expression. She had evidently achieved a success of some kind.

"Guy," she exclaimed, with one of her sweetest smiles, and a becoming start of surprise, "you here? This is an unlooked-for pleasure, at the end of our tiresome drive. If I had known, I would not have gone to the ball, in spite of Elise."

"It might have been of greater import to others than to me, Florence, had you acted on your declared dislike of such gaieties," he said, gravely. "Had not my poor little Lina possessed kind friends and attendants, needing not the supervision of others who ought to be more interested in her, the result might have been serious."

"What do you mean, Guy?" asked Florence, hesitatingly, and flushing crimson.

"I mean," said he, "that Lina has symptoms of illness, Florence; and neither you nor Elise seem to have attached sufficient importance to them to induce you to remain at home."

"I really thought it was only some of Nurse Allen's fancifulness," stammered Mrs. Escourt; "and, as Lina has often had colds, when she seemed just as poorly, I did not think she needed more attendants than an experienced nurse, and——"

"A tender and loving governess," interrupted Sir Guy. "You were right, Elise. Lina is well cared for; only I was curious to trace in practice the workings of my fair cousin's theory."

Florence flushed haughtily. A glance at the cynical smile on Sir Guy's lips told her that a terrible false move had been made; and her proud temper well-nigh prevented any acknowledgment or palliation of the error; but a look from her sister, a remembrance of some warning hints as to Mr. Escourt's possible danger and a lurking liking for Sir Guy himself, made her forbear the bitter retort and change it into sweetness.

"If I had dared, Guy," said she; "but Mrs. Allen will never brook interference, and I felt, I knew that I had no right——"

A beaming blush supplied the meaning.

"But how is Lina now?" asked Mrs. Escourt wearily.

"I scarcely know," he replied. "Not in danger, I trust; but Dr. Farren thinks it is the beginning of some illness to which children are subject. He will be able to tell better in the morning."

"Ah—yes—I dare say she will be much better then," said Mrs. Escourt. "Allen is a capital nurse, and I will go and see her as soon as I am up, and so will Flo, I am sure. But we are both half dead, and must really say good-night. Sorry you could not be with us, Guy, or that we did not remain at home to receive you. Good night. Come, Flo."

Mrs. Escourt left the room immediately but Florence lingered for an instant.

"You must plead for my admission to the dear child to-morrow," she said. "I shall not leave her again, Guy, till she is well."

Florence now also left the room, and Sir Guy remained in some doubt. Was it really true? Did old Nurse Allen's prejudices occasion what she censured, and was the fair young girl forced to exile herself from the child she really loved? Then the memory of the words, "She only thinks of herself," came to his mind.

"I will wait," he said. "Time enough. I will wait and watch."

Lina's illness proved somewhat more serious than was anticipated. It was a severe attack of measles. Still Dr. Farren was not alarmed, only he enforced the necessity of great care, in order to bring the fair little patient through the attack, and this care devolved chiefly on Hilda.

Whatever Florence Horton's intentions or wishes might have been, they were soon rendered nugatory by Lina herself. The child would not endure her to be near her; in the height of her illness, and even when gradually recovering, she displayed such unmistakable annoyance whenever Florence appeared, or volunteered to remain in the sick room, that Sir Guy himself was obliged to request that his fair relative would humor the little invalid's caprices, and suspend her visits to the chamber.

Perhaps this exclusion would have been no great grief to Miss Horton, but that it entailed a complete separation from Sir Guy during the hours that he spent in his child's room, and, still more, threw him into absolute and unguarded content with Hilda. There was no help for it.

A father could not be kept from his sick child, and still less could Hilda be ordered from attendance on her little pupil. Indeed Sir Guy would not have permitted it had such an extreme measure been attempted.

Thus Florence painfully felt that for several hours a day Sir Guy was in the society of a beautiful young girl, while engaged in that occupation so attractive to a loving father's eyes—that of nursing his invalid child.

True, Sir Guy made little comment on the governess when he appeared in the reception-room or at the daily meals; but this very silence was ominous, and so Florence knew.

"Elise, it must not be permitted," she said one day. "If something is not done, all is lost in that quarter."

Mrs. Escourt considered for a few moments.

"What would you suggest, Flo?" she asked. "We cannot send her away, without making matters ten times worse. I know Guy; he is not to be coerced, and the idea of any injustice would make him more bent on mischief than ever."

"Designing, upstart girl!" exclaimed Florence, fretfully. "I cannot think how you could ever keep her, Elise."

"Rather think how best to get rid of her," said her sister, coolly. "Listen! I have an idea in my head that I think might work well."

In a low voice Mrs. Escourt then began to explain to her sister the clever scheme that had suddenly flashed on a brain far cooler and more reasoning than Florence's.

Meanwhile the apartment of the now convalescent child had become a strange scene of enchantment to Sir Guy Capel.

During many a quiet hour, while Lina slept, or while she taxed the patience and the skill of her fair young governess to amuse and soothe her during her recovery, which (especially in childhood) is ever the most trying time to both patient and nurse—during those long hours, Sir Guy Capel had every opportunity of studying Hilda's character and tastes. Her looks, her words, her graceful ways, her tenderness and tact, all evinced a mind at once cultivated, refined, and pure.

Sir Guy was convinced that Hilda was no common member of that large "working sisterhood" to which she nominally belonged. Her appearance, her movements, her manner, all bespoke good blood and gentle nature; and yet she appeared to have no friends. Nurse Allen had said so, and his own observation confirmed the fact. His interest was strangly excited for the beautiful orphan. He called it "interest;" he would not have confessed it was any deeper feeling.

One evening Sir Guy entered the room, as he often did, between the late dinner and the summons to tea in Mrs. Escourt's boudoir, where they usually sat while free from visitors. Lina was lying asleep, and Hilda was quietly reading by her side. Sir Guy sat down opposite to her.

"Miss Halloway," he said, suddenly, "with only a child for a companion, you must feel very lonely and weary at times. Is it not so?"

Hilda raised her eyes. The expression of his face was so speakingly kind and thoughtful, that she felt certain no veiled motive lurked under the question.

"Yes," she replied gently, "I am so at times, but I do not indulge the feeling. These are my companions," she said, pointing to her books.

"Yes, said he, "and you choose your comforters wisely. Books are the truest companions. They bring us the gathered lore of the historian, the sublime creations of the poet, and the fascinating imaginings of the novelist's brain. No single mind can afford us all these in real life."

"And, what is better, they are true; they never change, nor grow cold, nor perish," she said, sadly. "Earthly friends may desert us; but with these faithful ones left, we can never be wholly alone."

"Then you have known bereavement—sorrow?" said Sir Guy, looking searchingly at her.

"Yes," replied Hilda, glancing at her sable dress, "I am alone in the world—quite alone."

The words thrilled to his heart; yet it was not common admiration that moved Sir Guy Capel towards that lovely girl. Something more akin to brotherly affection mingled in his sympathy, and his heart warmed with a stronger affection.

"And so, in your solitude, you turned to these silent teachers, he said. "Most like you, so young and fair, would rather have pined after the gaieties of the world. Have you never desired them at times?"

"Are they so very pleasant, then?" she said, sadly.

"To the young and the beautiful they frequently are," he replied.

"Is that all?" she asked, smilingly. "I think the lonely and the unfriended ones are safer and better in such solitude as this. I am thankful for peace and safety, and I try to be content."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Second String.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

MAGGIE was pretty, and she knew it. She was nurse-girl at Squire Ridgeway's, but she knew it just as well as if she had been a queen. She knew others thought so, too, and though she was engaged—or "all the same as engaged"—to Dick Hopper, she could not keep from flirting with anyone who showed the least desire to flirt with her. And Dick Hopper did not like it, and they quarrelled and parted, and made it up again—not once, but a hundred times. But I think if Dick had known all, the making-up would have been slower.

The flirting with the young men he knew was bad enough, but there was something worse. Whenever Maggie took the baby — Squire Ridgeway's little granddaughter and pride of the family—up to the park to walk, she was sure to go into the pretty summer-house that overlooks the lake, and there, after a while, to be joined by a young man, such an elegant gentleman, Maggie thought, who paid her such compliments!

Nobody knew about this but cook, who declared that Maggie ought to be ashamed of herself, and that Dick was worth twenty of that fellow.

But Edgar Montmorency was so elegant, so charming!

"And it's well to keep two strings to your bow, cook," said Maggie; "Dick is so cross sometimes."

Squire Ridgeway and his family were gone up to town, and cook and Maggie kept house. Generally only one left the house at a time, but this was a special day. Maggie and cook were both going out, and Maggie was to take the key in her pocket and be home first. All was settled. She made up her mind to see the military parade in the morning and the firing of the guns and fireworks in the evening, and was quite short with Dick when he came in the evening before, and said, in a hesitating sort of way. "Maggie, mother wants you to take tea and spend the evening with her. Will you?"

"I want to see the soldiers," said Maggie.

"Very well, Maggie," said Dick. "I'd take you if I could, but something will keep me from going with you to-morrow evening. Mother would like to have you."

"I sha'n't shut myself up indoors to-morrow," said Maggie.

Inwardly she added that she would not go to Dick's mother's and drink her wishy-washy tea, and hear her old stories, when she could walk out with Edgar Montmorency, have ice-drinks, see the fire-works, and be envied by every girl she met.

Cook went out early in the morning, so did Maggie, but at five she returned, made herself trim and neat, and went out again. At the corner she met Edgar Montmorency, and he offered his arm, and took her to a great platform.

"I've got seats engaged here," said Edgar; and Maggie proud of her fine gentleman, who could get seats on a platform amongst "quality," mounted the steps and took her place.

"I'll stand behind you," said Edgar; "and give me that great heavy key, for it's what no lady should have to bother with: it's too big. Besides, your pocket is not safe in a crowd."

Maggie took the key from her pocket, and her beau leaned to her, talking to her, and the display of fireworks began; and after a while Edgar Montmorency whispered, "am going to get you some refreshment," made use of his long legs to clamber over the seats, and was gone.

Maggie sat still gaping at the fireworks, and uttering "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of delight, and time passed so quickly that she did not know how long she had been deserted, when suddenly the last gleam of color dropped down from the sky in a train of sparks, and people began to depart.

"Where was Mr. Montmorency?" Maggie looked about her. There was no sign of him. The crowd was dispersing; the windows were growing dark; the tipsy men seemed to monopolize the pavements; but he did not come, and she must wait for him for he had the key in his pocket.

Maggie waited, and a policeman called to her, asking if she meant to stay up there all night.

"It's twelve o'clock," he said, "and decent young girls ought to be at home."

"I'm waiting for my friend," said Maggie.

"Well, he seems to have forgot about you," said the policeman; and Maggie descended from the platform, bathed in tears, and with a dreadful presentiment of evil in her heart, hurried away homeward; and just as she turned the corner, two honest, fat, motherly figures waddled round it, and came towards her—cook and Dick's mother.

"You've brought it yourself," said cook; "but I'm sorry. If you want to see what has happened at home you'd better come."

"Dick sent us to see you took no harm," said the mother. "Ah, you'd better have took tea with me."

"What is the matter?" asked Maggie.

"You'll see soon enough," said cook.

And Maggie, dreading she hardly knew what, hurried along the streets between the two old women. The fireworks had left only a disagreeable odor of gunpowder behind them.

Here and there a tipsy man lay on the steps of a public-house; others staggered down the deserted streets, howling the dismal songs of intoxication.

At last they reached Squire Ridgeway's house, and saw, to Maggie's astonishment, that it was brightly lighted, and that a crowd had gathered about the doors.

"Now," said cook—"now, Maggie, you'll see your elegant gentleman." And there, in the midst of a group of stalwart policemen, there, indeed, was Edgar Montmorency; and there were two other men, and all three were handcuffed; all three uttering furious imprecations.

Maggie screamed aloud, and suddenly the truth dawned upon her.

Cook put it into plain English.

"You see it was a plan for the first," she said. "He made love to you to get information about the silver and the safe, and asked you to the fireworks to get the key. I guessed what he was, and told Dick, and it is Dick that has managed to have him caught at his work; and well for you I knew all, or master would have had you arrested for an accomplice. Dick and me knew you were honest and only just a fool, You ought to be thankful."

"And I hope my son knows his own value now," said the old mother, "and don't go after any girl that plays off and on with him."

Poor Maggie! she suffered a great deal. It was weeks before she dared to speak to Dick, though they met at the Sunday school every Sunday, and she thought herself well and fitly punished, and told Cook that she should surely be an old maid now; but it was only six months from that day when faithful Dick came behind her, as she was drawing the perambulator up and down the pavement one afternoon, and said, "Maggie, dear, hasn't this gone on long enough?"

"Oh, Dick," said Maggie, "I never expected you to like me again."

"Ah, but I did," said Dick. "And since your master thinks I did him a service, and has made me a present of enough to furnish a house nicely with, shan't we set our wedding day for this day month?"

All that Maggie said was, "Oh, Dick!" and there were tears in her eyes, but he kissed them away.

Cured of Flirting.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

BELLE BRANDON and Berger Moore were "engaged." Everybody knew it, Everybody talked about it.

People always do talk about everything in a small town, and every conversation on the subject ended something after the manner of this:

"Well, Belle Brandon will have to stop flirting now."

Belle had been a flirt ever since she was able to talk: coquetry was born in her. She was innocent enough, and meant no harm, but she had just the saucy little face that makes a man expect to be flirted with.

And here, suddenly, without any warning, she had engaged herself to that big, grave young lawyer, who had been supposed to be a proper mate for Miss Traxley, the parson's daughter, a most commendable young lady, who visited the poor, and spent the greater part of her time in making warm petticoats for poor old women, or writing juvenile tracts.

That would have been a match, indeed; but these two! No wonder people sighed, shook their heads; hoped all would be well in that tone which proves that they had no expectation that it will be; and ended by remarking that Belle Brandon would have to stop flirting. She did for three weeks. Berger was in paradise for that short pace of time; then purgatorial torments awaited him. Belle began by slow degrees to flirt with every man she met; she was very, very fond of her lover, but old habits are hard to break—tricks of the lip and eye to unlearn. She was herself still, thought she had promised to be Berger's wife. The end was a quarrel, and after they had been engaged a year they parted one day in hot wrath saying bitter things to each other.

Everybody had known that Berger and Belle were engaged. Now everybody knew that the engagement was broken. Nobody wondered at it, and most people looked forward to the day when Miss Traxley would slip into Belle's vacant place.

All the ill-natured things that could be said were said, of course, and the woman said that Belle was fitly punished.

More than one young man was delighted, and hoping to be taken into favor, confided to his friends his opinion that a solemn person like Moore was never the man for a girl like pretty Belle Brandon; and Belle could have flirted more desperately than ever, had it pleased her.

But it did not please her. What her engagement had not done, its breaking did. Belle seemed to have become as staid as Miss Traxley all of a sudden.

She did not visit the poor, or write juvenile tracts, or make flannel garments for the old women of the Home for the Aged, but the bright eyes gave no more bewitching glances, the little mouth seldom smiled. She sat over a book without reading it for hours together, and she darned her pretty stockings of an evening with a silent pertinacity that was quite astonishing.

Finally she began to visit the parsonage. Miss Traxley was delighted at Belle's interest in the mission to the Cannibal Islands, and promised to give her the full particulars of a female missionary's life there, and how one could be sent out and get lessons in the language before going.

In fact, the idea that she could run away from her trouble filled Belle's mind. Very young people always cherish the delusion. It is only as they grow older that they learn that trouble, like the "Old Man of the Sea," in the Arabian Nights, clings to one's back, however far one may travel. In fact, Belle had really been very much in love and scarcely knew it until she had quarreled with her lover.

Meantime Berger Moore worked hard at his profession, which he said to himself was his only object now, and never so much as looked at another girl, not even at the excellent and not uncomely Miss Traxley.

"Belle is so low-spirited. Make her go down to her Uncle Carver's. They always have plenty of fun going on there, and it will cheer her up." So advised Belle's grandmother, little guessing what she was advising or how the visit would end. And Belle caught at the idea of a journey, and went off on the express train with her "Old Man of the Sea." A few hours after, terrible rumors swept through town—rumors that all too soon became certainties. The express train had collided with another; five passengers were killed and twenty wounded. The engineer had met the usual fate. One man lay silent by his side; another had lost an arm.

Names followed—that terrible list of killed and wounded.

Belle Brandon's name was amongst them. She was brought home just breathing, and no more; but she was young, and in good health.

By-and-by they knew that she would live. Soon the worst fears were over.

Her pretty face was unhurt, the scars vanished from her round, white arms, and she was able to sit up again.

But how her mother cried when that polished crutch was brought home.

Her pretty Belle—her Belle, who danced so beautifully, who walked so daintily—was that for her?

It was too true, and the surgeon gave no hope that she would ever cease to need it.

Six months after her accident Belle went out alone for the first time.

She had promised Miss Traxley to attend a certain afternoon service, and she took her way along the quiet paths, dreading to meet anyone.

It was such a change, such a humiliation, this slow progress, and Belle had no idea how pretty she was still.

Half-way to the church, in the middle of the small bridge that crossed the mill-stream, she paused to rest; and, actually, a thought that she should like to end all her troubles in the broad, calm mill-pond was in her mind.

The tears rose to her eyes; she crushed them back, but they fell upon her heart.

"Must life all be like this?" she said; "all like this to the bitter end?"

The words did not pass her lips, but they were so close to them that is it almost seemed as though she had spoken, and the color rose to her cheeks as she heard the sound of a man's feet crossing the bridge. She stood still, poor child, looking into the water, that this stranger might go by without seeing her face. But he did not go on. He paused—approached her. His hand rested on the railing of the little bridge; his head bent low. He spoke, and what he said was, "Belle, my darling!" And Belle knew without looking up that it was Berger Moore.

They were all alone. The mill-stream bubbled below: the great glassy mill-pond reflected the red mill, the long blue flags, that grew near its margin, and the brown kine grazing hard by; birds sang in the nearest tree—one came and perched upon the fence and looked at them with its head on one side. And there, under the sweet summer sky, Berger Moore took his little hurt darling to his breast and kissed her as a mother kisses her first-born.

Then he drew her hand through his arm, and they went on to church together.

It was there that he slipped the engagement ring upon her finger once more, and if an angel noticed it, I think it was with approval.

And so Belle and Berger made it up, and they were married in a month.

"An ugly, lame little thing. What did you want of me?" said Belle; but she knew what she was to him well enough, even while she spoke, and she had never been so happy in her life.

Years ago Belle put that little crutch away, needing it no longer, and she was as well and as handsome as ever, long before she was too old to flirt; but she never flirted again.

Charming as she was, Miss Traxley herself could not have made a more prudent matron; and Berger Moore has been as happy a husband as ever sun shone upon.

A GOOD speller always keeps an I to business.

A DULL Headache, Costiveness, Low Spirits, and No Appetite, are some of the indications of a Bilious Attack, arising from a Torpid Liver. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will soon restore the Liver to action, drive all symptoms of biliousness from the system, and assist in bringing about a regular action of the bowels.

A Haunted House.

BY PERCY VERE.

OPPOSITE the residence of my friends, the Gibsons, stood a small brick house, which was the terror of Beauford, for it was said to be haunted.

A murder had been committed ten years before, and since then the poorest laborer in the country would not take the place for a present.

Beggars had tried to live there, and failed to secure sufficient rest to live upon.

Tramps had been known to climb in at the windows, but they climbed out of them before daylight.

Not a dog would stay there. It was a genuine haunted house.

And so, being down at my friend's house for a visit, I resolved to investigate the matter, and declared that I would sleep there, at least one night—more, if necessary.

"Well, Frank, you'll be sorry if you do, I assure you," said Mr. Gibson.

"The house is haunted," said Mrs. Gibson.

"Yes, sir; haunted," declared the friend of the family, who was smoking his cigar on the porch.

"Sure and I saw the ghost myself, sir," said little Biddy, nursing the baby on the lower step.

"Then I'm going to sleep there to-night," I declared. "I have always wanted to see a ghost."

I stuck to my determination. I went to the little empty house that night, and I carried thither a mattress, a blanket or so, and a pistol.

It was a warm night in summer, and the little place was dry enough. I refused all company.

"Ghosts never appear to large parties," I said. "If I need help I will fire my pistol out of the window. You'll hear that." And so, half scolding, half laughing; they let me have my way.

At eleven o'clock I retired to my couch with a book and a paraffin lamp, and by midnight I had read myself to sleep.

Of course I had not undressed, and holding my pistol in my hand, looked about me. I saw nothing, but I heard a queer sound. It was as though people were snapping their fingers all about me. I could associate the sound with nothing else. It was not a crackling or a ticking, it was a positive snapping sound. Yet some insect might have made it. That should not discompose me.

What awakened me I do not know, but I suddenly sat up in bed with a sense of great discomfort upon me. The lamp was burning, my book lay where I had dropped it, I had a feeling that something was in the room. "A trick is about to be played upon me," I thought, and I started to my feet.

At last the sound ceased suddenly as it begun, and another took its place—a pattering as of bare feet walking about.

They went in and out of the door, upstairs and down.

I could have sworn that such feet were pattering all about me had I been blind: but the moon shone brightly, and I went from room to room with my lamp and saw nothing.

Returning to my room I lay down again, and now a low beating began.

It was as though a stick had been struck upon the floor at intervals of two minutes.

And suddenly a curious thing happened.

All the bedclothes were drawn entirely off me and thrown into the corner of the room.

Now, for the first time, I began to feel nervous.

I sprang to my feet, and rushed into the entry, thinking that someone must be concealed without the door, with some contrivance for pulling away the blankets; but the house was empty.

I went downstairs. I peeped into closets. I explored the cellar, and I returned to my room.

That was no longer empty. Upon my bed lay a man.

He was a strange rough-looking fellow, dissipated in appearance, and dressed in ragged clothes.

His feet were bare. By his side lay a thick stick.

His eyes were open, and turned full upon me.

I looked at him a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"So you're the ghost," I said. "Come you shall have the bed for the rest of the night and a breakfast in the morning if you will tell me how you pulled those blankets off."

For all answer he stared at me. I drew nearer. His eyes were glassy, his features stiff, his limbs rigid; and, horror of horrors his head was covered with blood from a great gaping wound in the skull.

"Great heavens! who has done this?" I cried; and I bent over him and put my hand upon his heart to see if it still beat.

Horror of horrors! I touched nothing but the bed itself. There was no one there.

Five minutes from that time I was at the door of my friends' house.

I explained to him that I had had a bad dream, thought best to give up my investigation; but in the morning I asked two questions:—

"What was the murder committed in that house? Who was killed?"

"The house was empty," said my friend, "and its owner gave two tramps permission to sleep there. One killed the other. The ghost is always a barefooted man in ragged clothes, and the ghost-seers always see the stick he was killed with."

I have a reputation for good common sense to keep up, so I kept my own counsel.

PLEASURE AND SORROW.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

I read within an ancient book one day
  Quaint lore that well beguiled my hour of leisure,
And in its yellow pages chanced to stray
  Upon a legend of the Goddess Pleasure.

That wayward nymph, escaping, it would seem,
  The crowd of zealous courtiers who had sought her,
Had wandered to the margin of a stream,
  And here to bathe her rosy limbs bethought her.

So by the covert side her clothes she laid,
  And loosed her sandals, never once discerning
How pallid Sorrow lingered in the shade,
  A pair of envious eyes upon her turning:

Who, when she spied in the wave anon,
  Drawing anear with furtive glances eager,
The dainty garments stole, and put them on
  To shroud her form, and veil her visage meagre.

And thus disguised pale Sorrow went her way,
  And thus befooled, men rashly thronged around her,
And seeking only Pleasure day by day,
  At last too surely only Sorrow found her.

The Jealous Wife.

BY CRUX.

THE ambrosial shrubbery and fragrant flowers, with their delightful aromatic perfumes, were already shedding the drops of crystal dew that had clustered in promiscuous confusion on their folded leaves during the night and renewed their strength to bear the intense heat of another July day, ere there was any sign of life around the beautiful little cottage whose arbors they decked.

It seemed that Nature had garnered up her treasured loveliness for one grand display on this particular morning.

Stretching towards the east, where the sun was apparently emerging from a plantation of lofty palm trees, the rows of evenly trimmed hedges stood out in beautiful contrast to these towering monarchs whose elevated branches seemed to reach the sky.

Away to the east and south of the snug little cot stretched a sloping hill, at whose base glistened a silvery pond, as though lifted and carried there ostensibly to serve the purpose of a mirror for the lovers who sat and chatted under shelter of the creeping vines that clustered on the overhanging rocks.

Stillness reigned over this picturesque scene when suddenly, as if by magic, a shutter flew open on the ground floor of the cottage with a loud bang; then another and another until the rays of the sun flooded the little kitchen with their vivid brightness, and danced with sparkling merriment upon the dial of the old clock, which seemed to welcome their appearance.

The door was next opened, and there appeared a slip-shod servant-girl, dressed in a loose wrapper, who walked rapidly toward the pump, filled a kettle with water, then as speedily returned to prepare breakfast for the still sleeping inmates.

One hour afterwards there appeared at the door a tall, handsomely-formed young man, dressed in business costume, with a linen duster thrown over his arm.

Immediately following him advanced a young woman, who exclaimed in petulent accents as she pouted her rosy lips, placed her tiny foot, encased in a velvet slipper, upon the bottom step and raised her divinely beautiful eyes to meet his loving gaze:

"Now, Thomas, you must positively be home at five this afternoon."

"That, my dear, depends entirely upon circumstances. You know that I am not only general manager, but also cashier, bookkeeper, and correspondent, since three of my men are now enjoying their vacation."

"Oh! that detestable cash! It keeps you late every day. I would not receive any until the cashier returned, if I were you."

"Probably not," he replied laughingly; "but I am obliged to pay out, and, you see, my funds would quickly run low did I pursue that course; and, besides, I might not be able to collect the money when needed, did I refuse it when proffered."

"Well, well! promise me you will be at home at five o'clock that we may take a carriage ride."

"You may rely, dear, that all my endeavors will be directed towards that end, and, unless by the intervention of some uncontrollable circumstances your request—or rather your command—shall be obeyed."

So saying, he imprinted a loving kiss on her cherry lips, and walked rapidly to the depot, arriving just in time to catch the eight o'clock train to town.

After parting from her husband, Mrs. Lake entered the house to finish embroidering a rich and costly whisk-holder, which it was her intention to present to her husband that afternoon.

Finding that her material had run short, she was obliged to send the servant to the adjacent village for silk, ribbon and fringe.

On her return she presented a letter to her mistress, stating that it was received from the postmaster when passing his office.

Mrs. Lake gazed curiously on the beautifully enamelled envelope as she soliloquized:

"Let me see; it cannot be from the Willsons, for their reception does not take place so soon; nor from the Reddingtons. How silly! it must certainly be from the former, as young Frank's birthday is near at hand, and that is undoubtedly his 'L.' How fastidious these young men are in ignoring the rights of married women by directing even their slightest communications to the head of the family.

"But I shall be the one to open it, although it is addressed to my husband, for, as I am to attend, it is quite as important to me as to him."

But even if she had intended this, there was no need for it, since by some circumstance the flap of the envelope was quite loose.

Thus she was enabled to feed her curiosity without more than in name, as it were, breaking into the privacy of the letter.

Then, pressing the envelope, she disclosed to view a square, gilt, bevel-edge card, on which were written the following lines:

"DEAR TOM:—I expect you to be present to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, without fail. We will bid adieu to your darling Nelly in a bottle of old sherry, and open another in honor of the cetoonned Fanny, who, I have no doubt, will fill up the void created in your heart by the loss of your former favorite. J. F."

The card and envelope dropped from Mr. Lake's soft, dimpled hand, as though she had suddenly been deprived of her prehensile power.

Her first consolatory resort was to burst into a flood of tears; then, gradually recovering herself, she aroused all the ferocity her gentle nature possessed; determined to vent it upon her delinquent husband the instant he returned, for his presumptuousness in daring to bestow his love upon another.

About the same time Mrs. Lake received the epistle which threw her into such a paroxysm of frenzy, her unconscious husband, while opening the morning's mail at his place of business, came across an envelope containing a bare *menu* card printed in a very simple and unostentatious manner, merely requesting his presence at a banquet to be held at the club house of the "Merry Ten," in honor of the christening of their new steam yacht.

No particular hour was designated upon the card, which he thought very strange, and was, in fact, greatly annoying as no usual note accompanied the card.

However, the thought was quickly banished from his mind under the multiplicity of affairs which began to claim his attention as the day proceeded and business became more brisk than usual for a scorching July day.

Disposing of all intricate matters brought before him with the rapidity of a skilful, proficient and accomplished judge, whose keen mind dexterously unravels the most complicated forensic speech and charges the jury in a few words, explaining what is law and what is imposition, Mr. Lake finished his work sooner than he expected, and immediately started for home.

On his arrival he instantaneously rushed into the parlor with open arms, ready as usual, to embrace his darling little wife.

What was his consternation, when, instead of beholding her tripping joyously across the floor to meet him, he saw her turn her head, and with a port frown gaze vacantly out of the open window.

"My dear!" he exclaimed, "you certainly are not angry with me for arriving at the appointed time, after being compelled to disappoint you so often? Why look so incensed?"

"Because, sir, as you are no doubt aware by this time, I am fully cognizant of your hypocrisy, and detest you the more for this despicable attempt to adjust the matter with me, your injured wife, in whose face you should never have the courage to look, after the discovery and exposure of your vile duplicity," rattled off Mrs. L., her ire perceptibly increasing as she arose, with her eyes darting fire, and confronted her astounded husband.

"My darling, ——" began Mr. Lake, in his most dulcet and conciliatory tones.

"Your darling!" vociferated his now thoroughly aroused spouse. "How dare you address me in such terms when you have been playing the gallant to every woman you can cast your eyes upon, and even encourage your companions to send their letters here, to my own house, commanding your presence and homage."

Mr. Lake was now too utterly bewildered to collect his scattered thoughts, and only succeeded in saying:

"There—there—there is certainly a mistake somewhere."

"Then it is my mistake in choosing for a husband a man of such a deceitful nature," was her ejaculation as she handed the letter to him, saying in a commanding tone, conscious of the power she possessed by skilfully wielding such a weapon. "Read that, and have the impertinence to remain in this house one moment longer."

Catching up the letter, he hastily read it, and burst into a prolonged fit of laughter.

This derision of his own guilt placed Mr. Lake in jeopardy of receiving another Mrs. Caudle lecture, but he averted such an unpleasant recurrence when, mustering up all his remaining breath, he said: "Jealous of a steamboat!" and rolled over on the sofa quite exhausted.

After his natural respiration had returned, Mr. Lake sat up, and in a few words explained the whole matter to his totally dumfounded wife, who stood staring at him, fully conscious that she had made another egregious blunder.

The truth was, Joseph Ferguson, (J. F.,) secretary of the "Merry Ten Yacht Club," had arrived at home rather late on the preceding evening, and in his haste in sending out the invitations to the members, neglected to enclose the note with Mr. Lake's card.

Discovering his mistake next morning, he concluded not to send the note at all, as he thought the *menu* would be sufficient to explain matters to Mr. Lake, who had seen the new yacht, and was conversant with the evening on which the christening was to take place.

Reversing this conclusion, he dropped the letter, which was addressed to Mr. Lake's country residence, into the box as he passed the post-office on his way down to his business.

After giving the above explanation, which he had received from Mr. Ferguson at the depot an hour previously, while waiting for the train, there was a jubilant reconciliation between Mr. Lake and his little wife, harmony taking the place of what was becoming a scene of anarchy and chaos.

Mrs. Lake had not previously agreed with Iago that, "Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous, confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," but she now came to the conclusion that these words conveyed candor, and sterling ingenuousness, although in her case it was a harmless and unoffending but somewhat bulky steam yacht—rather larger than a trifle—that instigated the green-eyed monster.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.—People, that is, some people, have a good deal to say about our grandmothers, how noble they were, how strong, how industrious, and such lovers of home that they would never have aspired to any place or position away from home, and it is even supposed that they would be quite horrified to see a lady lawyer, doctor, merchant, or farmer, but I am inclined to think some people do not do our grandmothers full justice. There were those among them who managed large farms, and even plantations, with scores of servants to be looked after and numerous family cares to attend to besides. There were those among them who were more than nurses, they were physicians as well, but quiet and unostentatious. Our grandmothers labored silently and effectively, but it remained for other generations of women to aspire to publicity.

Our grandmothers were few in number, perhaps, a fourth of a million, or less; we are more than twenty times that number, and people have a better chance to hear from us; but, after all, we may not be so very far ahead of our grandmothers, as we sometimes imagine. Some of them were sick, weak and unaspiring, and some of them were reformers in the widest sense of the word, but they had a narrow field in which to labor, and their numbers were few. Art had not used his power to lighten their labors and science was as yet silent on many things that would result in great good to them. Besides this, their families were usually so large that unless they woefully neglected their home duties they had little time to quarrel with the lords of creation, or to argue as to whether Mrs., or M. D., or D. D., or L. L.D., or one and all of those delightful titles might not belong to the fair sex. Possession then as now was considered nine points of the law.

A laughable instance of how our grandmothers may have felt came under my own observation. Stopping for a few days at the home of a lady, I greatly admired a grove of maple trees not far from the house, and so situated that whatever way the wind seemed to be it kept their leaves turning and blowing about in a fantastic manner. It was, without exception, the most romantic-looking grove I have ever seen. Calling her attention to it one day, I remarked its peculiar beauty, when she quite horrified me by saying that the boys were intending to cut it down. Upon this, I launched into a good deal of flowery rhetoric on the "Woodman, spare that tree" strain. When it was all ended, she dryly remarked, "How many children do you suppose I have had?" I couldn't guess, of course. "Sixteen." I nearly fainted. "Now let me say," continued she, "that when you have borne and reared or buried sixteen children, you wont have so very much time to notice how the wind blows the leaves of the trees."

Correct, of course, and what a sermon to those who suppose our grandmothers did not believe in womans' rights simply because they had not time and opportunity to say that they believed in them.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

ADVICE.—It is generally thought that there is nothing easier than to give good advice. It is so abundant and so cheap, it is said, because it costs nothing. Now this may be applicable to much of the trite counsel and most of the well-worn maxims that live upon the lips, but do not come from the heart: it may be true concerning such exhortations as we have been in the habit of hearing from one generation and passing on to the next, without much reference to their applicability; but it is not true of anything which honestly bears the name of good advice. That is not plentiful or easy to give.

M. S.

WAXED PAPER:—Waxed paper answers admirably for wrapping plants or cut flowers for transit by post, preventing the flowers and plants from becoming dried up.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

Scientific and Useful

IMPROVED SOAP:—A Frenchman proposes to manufacture an improved soap by dissolving 28 parts of soda-ash in 100 parts of molasses and then stirring in 100 parts of oleic acid.

WASHING FLANNEL:—Good flannel will not shrink much if properly washed. Very little soap should be used, the water should be barely hot, and all the waters used should be wrung as dry as possible, and well shaken out before hanging up to dry.

CHAMOIS SKINS:—Many persons suppose that chamois skins are derived from the animal named chamois. In fact, the skins so called are the flesh side of sheep skins, soaked in lime water and also in a solution of sulphuric acid. Fish oil is poured over them, and then they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

TO CLEAN BRASS:—Rub the surface of the metal with rotten-stone and sweet oil; then rub off with a piece of cotton flannel and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water and brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to brass articles that are stooped in it for a few seconds.

FROST.—A Massachusetts man practices the following for excluding the frost by kerosene. He states that the temperature in his vegetable cellar sometimes went a few degrees below freezing, making the air just cold enough to spoil the contents. He procured a kerosene stove, which had six large burners and held two gallons of oil. Whenever his two thermometers in the cellar indicated danger he lighted the kerosene by which he raised the temperature ten degrees when necessary, proving a convenient, simple and cheap way to prevent any loss.

BURNING GAS:—It is well known that the combustion of ordinary illuminating gas produces sulphuric acid in quantity sufficient to destroy the binding of books and to tarnish the lettering on their backs, besides, of course, vitiating the atmosphere so much that the health of the person breathing it is slowly but certainly undermined. An English scientist has made an experiment which suggests a corrective. He suspended two plates of finely perforated zinc, one three and the other twelve inches above the burner. At the end of three months the lower plate showed an accumulation of the ordinary brownish-black deposit and a furring of sulphate of zinc, but the upper plate was only slightly affected. The inference from this examination is that a single plate of perforated zinc about a foot square placed over a gas-jet is sufficient to retain most of the noxious emanations.

Farm and Garden.

WORMS IN POTS:—James Vick says that the "white worm," or any other worm, in pots, may be destroyed by sticking three or four common matches down into the soil, also one or two into the drain opening. The phosphorus on the match is certain death to animal life, and a powerful fertilizer for plants.

EGGS AND PULLETS:—Unless you want a large proportion of cockerels do not set all the largest eggs you can pick out. There are no means known by which the sex of eggs can with certainty be determined. Although many thought some sign indicated the sex, yet, after repeated fair trials, all these indications have entirely failed with me, except the one which follows: With regard to the eggs of most of the feathered kingdom, if you pick the largest out of the nest, they are the ones that generally produce males, especially, if they happen to be the first laid. Even in a canary's nest, it is noticeable, that the first egg laid is very often the largest, the young from it is the first out, keeps ahead of its comrades; is the first to quit the nest, and the first to sing.

WINDOW GARDENING:—A recent English writer gives the following, which suggests a way in which hardy wood-climbers might be made available for window decoration in winter or early spring: "Some years ago, as I was passing through a room used only occasionally, I perceived an odor of fresh flowers that surprised me, as none were ever kept there. On raising the curtain of the east window, I saw that a branch of Dutch honeysuckle had found its way between the sashes at one corner, while growing in the summer, and had extended itself quite across the window; and on the branch inside there were three or four clusters of well-developed flowers, with the usual accompaniment of leaves, while on the main bush outside there was not yet a leaf to be seen. The flowers inside were just as beautiful and fragrant as if they had waited until the natural time of blooming. Since then I have tried the experiment purposely and always with the same result." A heavy covering of the ground over the roots of the plants with leaves, and sufficient protection of the stem outside, would allow this method to be practiced in quite severe climates.

How to get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know.

HOW TO GET WELL.—Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

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New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Important Notice!

☞ **As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.**

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Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

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Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 19, 1881.

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CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is to the mind what sunshine is to the earth—its rejuvenating force. The cheerful people are always young, however gray their locks, dim their visions, or wrinkled their faces. Nay, cheerfulness will keep gray hairs and wrinkles at bay more effectually than any cosmetic or magic wash. It is a talisman which attracts affection and regard to those who wear it.

The cheerful person is everywhere welcome, and nowhere out of place. He lights up the darkest day, and has the same genial and stimulating effect as the sunbeam; he makes the best of everything—even misfortune seen through his spectacles does not look ugly; he anticipates happiness ahead, and is sure that trouble will get detained on the way; he sees the silver lining to every cloud, and the first rift; when another murmurs and doubts, he is full of thanksgiving and hope.

They small discomforts of life do not fret him as they do another. He is the best traveler the world over—heeds jolts on the road only to laugh at them; breakdowns and detentions are only so many novel experiences to him; and we doubt if even a highwayman could rob him of the habit of looking on the bright side of everything. He does not make faces over a poor dinner or a hard bed, but resigns himself to inconveniences so complacently that one might be deceived into thinking him accustomed to them.

That he is the most companionable personage, the comfort of his presence attests. His example is infectious, and we find ourselves groping our way out of the slough of despondency by the light of his countenance.

With many of us, perhaps, cheerfulness is no more a virtue for which we are responsible than a quick ear for music would be, than a Grecian profile, or a fine head of hair.

It is bred in the bone with a few of us, just as talent for carpentering, for sculpturing, or versifying is; and as it is reckoned a disgrace to spell badly, but no virtue to spell well, so the talent for cheerfulness, being our birthright, is not so much set down to our credit, but so much subtracted therefrom if we do not manage to develop it into genius.

But it is none the less a sweetener of existence, and such a charming thing to meet with in man or woman, that we are apt to treat the owner of it as if it were a plant of his own selection and sowing, since we do not stop to inquire how much is indigenous or how much exotic; for though the effect is the same upon the spectator, yet the meed belongs to those who, having no natural inclination towards cheerfulness, have yet succeeded in grafting it upon the barren stock of a despondent disposition, who have been obliged to fight bravely for the sunshine they spend lavishly.

We do not question that cheerfulness is a more certain recipe against the encroachments of disease than the specifics of modern medical science. By examination we should doubtless find that the few who reach the nineties are of a sanguine temper, who wear life like a garland rather than a yoke; who do not wring their hands when their stocks depreciate, but are certain they will rise tomorrow; who, when their case is desperate, do not make it worse by desperation.

SANCTUM CHAT.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the English language was spoken by less than 8,000,000 of people, at the nineteenth by only 30,000,000, and now, with one-fifth of the century yet before it in which to spread, it is the mother tongue of over 90,000,000.

—

In China a young woman who has been deeply pitted with small-pox has no difficulty in finding a husband. The Chinese youth prefers to have her thus disfigured, not so much because it increases her beauty, as because she is not likely to disturb his happiness by getting the complaint again.

—

A BERLIN experimenter has produced an imitation stone coffin which is said to be air and water-tight, and but a trifle heavier than the ordinary wooden article. It is claimed for the new coffins that they are durable, and can be furnished at a cost not exceeding wooden ones, and that the bodies placed in them will become mummified.

—

It costs something to start the wheels of business even for a single day. There are, according to a leading journal, 10,000,000 working people in the country who average at least $2 a day, which makes $20,000,000; and then there is the interruption to commerce and financial transaction, and the loss of profit on labor. An unexpected stoppage of a week day's work must cost $50,000,000.

—

THE *Levant Herald* assures the public that there is no truth in the recently-circulated story of a cargo of human bones shipped from Turkey to England for fertilizing purposes. The proof offered is convincing—namely, that it would not pay to carry them, at a cost of at least $40 a ton, over the Balkans to the port of shipment. The bones were those of cattle, and were gathered along the disastrous retreat from Adrianople, in the Russo-Turkish war.

—

BARON ROTHSCHILD, of Vienna, has a favorite horse for whose accommodation he had a special loose box built at a cost of $12,000. This magnificent room forms part of a new stable which cost $80,000, and which has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, rings, chains and drainraps of solid silver, and walls frescoed with splendid hunting scenes from the pencils of eminent animal painters. Fortunately however, the baron's annual income is about $1,600,000.

—

AN interesting return has been lately prepared by order of the Russian Minister of War, of the weight actually carried by the infantry soldier in each of the larger European armies when in the field in time of war. At the head of the list stands the Russian soldier, with a load of between 70 and 71 pounds. Next comes the French soldier, who carries 66 pounds; and then comes the English and Italian soldier, each with a burden of between 61 and 63 pounds. The Austrian carries only 57 pounds, the Swiss between 48 and 49, while the German soldier is only weighted with 47½.

—

IT is said that public opinion in Italy respecting the superior education of women is gradually undergoing a great change. The Italian journals are full of praises of the two young women who recently won the highest degrees at the Roman University, and those female students who undertake Latin and Greek, Euclid and algebra are no longer laughed at. Women's mental development has long been neglected in Italy, to the great injury of the nation. Florence and Rome now have excellent Normal schools, and in Florence there is also a commercial school, where women learn the general routine of a commercial education, and qualify themselves for employment in mercantile houses.

—

DON'T neglect to organize some kind of a club for intellectual work this winter. Thousands of stagnant little villages, whose social life runs in feeble little eddies instead of one strong current, would gain a new interest and impulse if some centre of association were made. A few people giving an evening a week to the reading of a good book or the study of an interesting subject, will soon find much to think and talk about. Life runs too much to waste; give it direction, and it often reveals remarkable and unexpected powers. A winter given to the study of such a book as Shakspeare, or one of the Epochs of History, will stimulate not only the mental but the social life of a community. Get a few friends together, select a book in which all will be interested, and try it in your village.

—

ACCORDING to an English geographical writer, there are four vast areas still to be opened up or traversed by civilized man, and which, among them, constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe. Of these, there is an antarctic region, which in extent is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain; the second lies about the North Pole; the third is in Central Africa; and the fourth in Western Australia. The south polar region referred to is almost conterminous with the antarctic circle. The vast African area reaches on the west very closely to the coast, and it is only near the equator that it has more than superficially been driven inland. In Australia the great undeveloped region is that which lies west of the track explored from north to south by Stuart, and which now forms the line of telegraphic communication across that continent.

—

A SUICIDE under rather peculiar circumstances is reported from the Austrian military barracks at Ofen. It was the result of what the Austrian papers call "an American duel;" but why they call it so does not appear. Two balls, a black one and a white one, were placed in a covered hat, and each of the principals in the duel drew out one, with the understanding that the one to whom the black ball fell must be numbered with the dead within twelve months. The year expired a few days ago, and on its last day the officer who drew the black ball shot himself. The day before he wrote a touching letter to his adversary, praying the latter to release him from the penalty he had incurred; but receiving an answer in the negative, he killed himself. The suicide was committed in the barracks in Ofen; and the strange part of the story is that nearly the whole of the regiment to which the officer belonged knew all about the duel and its conditions.

—

THE honest public howls over an unfortunate mistake of some druggist, by which some poor unfortunate loses his life, and calls for reform. The same honest public smiles serenely as the milkman feeds the body on chalk and water mixed with milk, and poisons them with glucose, cocoa-beans, chromate of lead, vile acids for vinegar, etc. Nothing now so needs a thorough overhauling as the fluids we drink and the food and luxuries we eat. A man who will endanger health and life by adulterating food should be sent to solitary confinement in the penitentiary for life. A highwayman is honest when placed by his side. It is no argument to say it is only the cheaper grades of articles that are thus adulterated. The poor and the ignorant have a right to be protected by the law. Every city should have a laboratory, and science should be called in to aid in suppressing this evil.

—

IT has sometimes been intimated that railroad employes are not infrequently saddled with too many and diverse duties to insure the proper attention to the more important of them. However this may be as a matter of fact, our German friends do not seem to look upon it in that light, since, in addition to other duties, the conductor on German railways carries around a fully-equipped printing-office, and prints the tickets for his passengers as he may require them. One particularly valuable feature of the press which he uses is that it reads its own proof, and immediately proceeds to kick up a row if the job is not clean. The invention has one serious drawback, which is that the conductor, in his capacity as editor—since he is at the same time compositor and pressman, as well as principal contributor and general distributing clerk—has rather limited openings for finding fault around the establishment.

—

NOT all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then, by an effort, succeed in geting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when ready to go—go.

—

APPARENTLY the matrimonial advertising mania is not confined to England. The lethargic German maidens seem to dabble in the business; the giddy French lasses, too, try their hands. A good sample of the way the daughters of the Fatherland go about the business may be given in the following advertisement, which appeared lately in a daily paper of Berlin: "A young person of noble birth," it runs, "highly esteemed by all who know her, beautiful as Helen, a housewife like Penelope, thrifty as Marianne de Brandebourg, witty as Mme. de Staël, a songstress like Jenny Lind, as accomplished a dancer as Corito, a rival of Rosa Kastner on the piano, of Paganini on the violin, of Bertrand on the harp, with the talent of the Princess Marie d'Orleans as a sculptress, whose virtues are as austere as Lucretia's, and possessing a large fortune, seeks, through the medium of the press, a husband—being entirely without acquaintances of the masculine sex who can properly appreciate her worth." What a real treasure this advertising sylph must be. It is evident from her case that many a flower is born to blush unseen—until she advertises.

VETERAN AND RECRUIT.

BY E. W. HAZEWELL.

He filled the crystal goblet
With golden-headed wine.
"Come, comrades, now, I bid ye—
To the true love of mine!

"Her forehead's pure and holy,
Her hair is tangled gold,
Her heart to me so tender,
To others' love is cold.

"So drain your glasses empty
And fill me another yet;
Two glasses at least for the dearest
And sweetest girl, Lisette."

Up rose a grizzled sergeant—
"My true love I give thee,
Three true loves blent in one love,
A soldier's trinity.

"Here's to the flag we follow,
Here's to the land we serve,
And here's to holy honor
That doth the two preserve."

"Twitters."

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

INDEED, looking at the dead-set Miss Scott was making at his grandfather, and the pertinacity with which she clung to her foot-hold in Gorseleigh—even extracting an invitation for her brother from poor gentle Mrs. Wyndham, and receiving continual relays of boxes and parcels from London, although the wedding-day remained fixed for barely a fortnight hence—it had begun to dawn upon Rex that her design was to be married if possible from the Hall, and afterwards to make her home there indefinitely; and the calm audacity of the idea so staggered him, that it was not till he had had some hours for its contemplation that he made up his mind that it should not be allowed to succeed by his consent or connivance.

The Squire, he knew well, had not the slightest intention of the sort; and as he felt convinced in his own mind that Twitter's absence would be commensurate with the length of their visit, he was determined that neither should be projected any longer than he could help.

On the present day Adelaide's injudicious sneer at the absent girl, and subsequent ill-temper and churlishness to himself, had additionally hardened him against her, and acted as a mental tonic; so that when he came to seek her in the park it was with the intention of putting before her more plainly than he had liked to do hitherto that, whether she choose to stay or not, he must return to London in the course of the next few days at least, and that there he meant to remain until after their marriage.

But when he saw her coming out from under the branching limes to meet him, with the sunlight in her beautiful eyes, and the undulating shadow of her glorious figure seeming to kiss the grass to deeper emerald behind her, while the flicker of sun and shade through the arch of living green overhead blended in a thousand broken lights and tender half-tints over her face and form, he could not help thinking to himself with an emotion of pride that it would be difficult to find a grander specimen of womankind, and experiencing something of the same thrill of admiration which he used to feel for her in the first days of their acquaintance; and when Captain Scott greeted him with a brotherly "Ha, Rex, grudging me even a half hour with this truant sister of mine! Well, take her if you will, for I must go back to the house and write a letter, so I won't rob you any longer;" and Adelaide drawing one hand through his arm, said in a low tone, and with a smile half playful, half patient:

"Dear Reggie, he knows his Ada is always glad to be taken by him;" Rex felt that a flush of half shame, half embarrassment was coming over his face, and his resolution fast melting away.

Unfortunately for Ada, however, her next words, prompted by the desire to act on her brother's hints, and smooth down any rough places she might have made, acted as an assistance to him.

"I have been wishing you would come," she said softly, and linking the other hand in that already within his arm, "for I knew I had been cross and naughty this morning and I was afraid you were angry.

"You will forgive me though, dear, will you not? for the real truth of the matter is that I woke up with a dreadful headache; and when I came down to breakfast it was so bad that I could hardly speak, far less say anything pleasant to anybody.

"Bertie, who knows my headaches well, says he could see I was nearly distracted, and was very sorry for me; but of course you could not guess the matter, and I am afraid I made myself dreadfully disagreeable to you."

Now, all this was said in the sweetest manner; but somehow it did not bear even the faintest impress of truth about it; and though Rex felt bound as a lover to say she had not been disagreeable to him, and to ask how the head was then, he believed so little in its sufferings that after a minute he felt emboldened to add:

"I did mean to ask you, however, Ada, not to say any more about alterations in the bees' garden, as we call that at the side of the house.

"My mother is very delicate and nervous, and any suggestions of change are always unpleasant to her; besides which, she has certain associations connected with that plot of ground which we all respect.

"My father laid it out for her as it is, and while she was able she always cultivated and attended to it herself never letting a gardener into it except for such digging and mowing as would be beyond a woman's strength.

"Since her strength failed her, Twitt—Miss Travers has taken the task from her, and devoted herself to it so zealously and lovingly that it has become additionally endeared to my mother, who now associates it with both her husband and her adopted child.

"I do not think even my grandfather would voluntarily alter a plant in it; and therefore I saw my mother was pained when you, who are still but a comparative stranger to her, expressed such contempt for its old-fashioned arrangement, and determination to induce the Squire to have it completely remodelled."

For one moment in this speech Adelaide felt as if despite all Captain Scott's warnings, she must cast prudence and temper to winds, and give her tongue the rein. So it was Miss Travers again, was it? whose clumsy gardening was to be held in such respect that any comment from her, the future mistress of the house, must be regarded as an impertinence and met with a reprimand.

In very dread for her own sake of what she might say if she said anything at all, she managed to hold her tongue; but her bosom heaved so violently, and the scarlet blood rushed in such a vivid volume to her cheeks, that Reginald could not help seeing the effect of his words, and instead of going on to allude to their departure, as he had intended, he felt obliged to add:

"I hope you are not vexed with me, Ada, for saying this.

"You must know that I should not have done so if I had not felt certain that the last thing you could wish would be to hurt, even unintentionally, my poor little mother's feelings; and if I were not so anxious, honestly anxious, that she should be a mother to you, too, and love you as much as—as I am sure she wishes to do."

Reginald had meant to say, "as you deserve;" but somehow honesty put in a protest there, and he finished his sentence differently. It did not matter much. Miss Scott had had time to recover her self command, and to answer with a smile sweet enough to reassure any lover.

"Dear Rex, how could I be angry? I am so glad you told me, for of course it was not a thing I could have guessed, could I? And the only little bit that hurts me is that dear mamma, as I love to call her, should still look on me as even in part a stranger. We must try to teach her differently, and let her feel that now she has a daughter she need no longer be dependent on the attentions of a companion, who of course can never be as near to her as us."

Poor Rex! If he had been foolish and fickle he was certainly punished by the twinge inflicted on him through this speech, and all the more because when Adelaide said sweetly: "But, love, you still look grave; and you had such a very black look when you came to meet us just now. Surely there must be something else the matter besides this little trifle, which I will soon repair?" he could not say out the truth, but was fain to find some other excuse, and answered:

"O, I suppose I was thinking of something I had just heard, and which worried me. Transom, our butler, tells me that there has been a foreign looking man hanging round the place, and asking all sorts of questions of the servants and lodge-keepers: questions chiefly about you and your brother, Ada, and—"

"About us!"

The words came hardly above a whisper, and Miss Scott's face had turned deadly white; but Rex was not looking at her, and went on:

"Yes, I suppose you are surprised; and, indeed, I shouldn't have told you, only that I know you are not in the least timid or nervous. It seems he has been trying to find out how long you have been here, when we are going to be married, and where; and if (since you have had so many things down from London) it is not to take place here; and my idea is that he is one of a band of burglars—perhaps the very party who broke into Lord's house, and stole his bride's jewelry, the day after the marriage.

"They may have got wind of the arrival of those very boxes of yours, and fancy there are jewels and other things of value among their contents; and if so, I think it is fortunate he has been imprudent enough in his inquiries to put us on our guard. I told Transom he ought to have informed me the instant he heard of it; but I think there is plenty of time as it is, for the man must be lounging somewhere in the vicinity as he was talking to the gamekeeper's daughter only yesterday; and it can't be difficult to hunt out a dark-looking man with an American accent (Transom declares he speaks through his nose with a twang) in this little place. I am going to Daneminster this afternoon to see the inspector of police there about it; and, as my grandfather is a magistrate, we can easily—"

"O no, no, Reggie, don't!—pray don't go to the police. O, let him alone!"

Miss Scott was whiter than ever, and trembling from head to foot, as if in an ague fit. Her lover looked at her in amazement. Certainly, if he had put her down as not nervous, he must have been mistaken.

"Don't!" she repeated, clutching his hand in her hot shaking fingers.

"What is he to you—or us? Even if he is a thief we can take care of our property; and you know it is going away. I—I have been thinking for some days that our visit ought to come to an end. Bertie wants me at home; and you will go back with us, will you not? Reggie, let the poor man alone. After all, he—he—has done nothing."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWITTERS, whom we left so far away from home and Gorseleigh and all those with whom her life had been bound up until now—Twitters in her gray dress and hood, and with the curly rings of her fair hair blowing about her brow in the fresh autumnal breeze, was still standing where we described her, at the door of the surgeon's hut, when she heard a rumbling close by, and, looking to the side whence it came, saw a cart containing two soldiers and a sister of charity coming up the rough stony path towards her.

It stopped close to the cottage door, that the soldier driving it might adjust a piece of the harness, and Twitters looked curiously at the "sister," who returned the gaze with interest; and after a keen glance at the dress and badge, as well as at the bright earnest face, bent forward and beckoned the young girl to her.

"You belong to the Geneva corps, Fraulein, is it not so?" she asked, speaking in some German brogue rather difficult to understand; and Twitters answered eagerly in the affirmative.

"Are you occupied? Have you sick in here?

"No one at all, Sister. I—we, that is, have only just arrived from Strasbourg."

"Then, in God's name, don't delay, but come with me. I have lint and other necessaries here; but all the other sisters are already fully occupied, and I have only just heard that there are eleven wounded men lying in a stable just outside Jouy. They have been there three days unattended, the poor souls! Will you come? One woman can do so very little for so many."

The Sister spoke in a quick, almost peremptory tone, like one not used to waste words, but it was not needed to compel an eager assent from Twitters. She dashed into the house on the instant to awaken Miss Curtis, and summon her to accompany them; but the sight of the poor woman still lying in the profound slumber of utter weariness, and with her kind ugly face looking quite gray and worn, touched the girl's tender heart. She could not bear to awaken her, when, perhaps, she herself might—proud thought—be sufficient assistance in the Sister's need; so merely waiting to scribble a few lines, which she laid beside her friend, telling her where she had gone, and with whom, and promising to rejoin her, as soon as released, at the ambulance department, she clambered up into the cart beside the nun, and set off in a breathless state of excitement.

A tedious and jolting ride it was through deep lanes and miry roads, much cut up by the heavy wheels of artillery wagons, but it brought the little band of Good Samaritans before long to the dilapidated village of Jouy, and after passing through it, and crossing two or three fields, from which the crops had been gathered some time back, they arrived at a tumbledown-looking cattle-shed, which one of the soldiers pointed out as their destination, adding:

"We brought the men there after the skirmish three days ago; but we were too busy to think of them afterwards, and there are few passers-by here. I doubt whether all of them will be living now."

Twitters gave an involuntary shudder and turned pale, which the Sister observing, she said gently.

"You are not used to this sort of thing yet, my child!"

"O no; I had only one week's experience at Strasbourg, and this is my first day in the field. I have never seen war before. Indeed, I hope I never shall again."

"Ah, it is very dreadful!" replied the German nun calmly. "May God forgive the French Emperor for bringing such miseries on those poor people! I have been with the army from the beginning; and if you could see my hair you would find it was quite gray, yet it was as light as yours when I left our convent in the Black Forest. Is not that some one at the door?" she added suddenly, turning to the soldiers.

"It is the Doctor, my sister; he who sent us for help."

"Ah! but I can see already the gladness in his face. Well, Herr Doctor, we have brought you two nurses, you perceive."

"One nurse and one child!" growled the Doctor. "Here is work enough for three of you. Have you brought bandages and brandy?"

"Both, Herr Doctor. There is a case of things in the cart; and see—in my pocket—a bottle of chloroform."

"That is well, for I have none here; and there is a poor fellow who must lose his foot at once, and who is too badly wounded otherwise to have much strength to boast of. He is a French sergeant, too. I am glad our fellows had the humanity to bring him in."

"Poor man! so am I. Little Sister, help me to carry in this case. Oh God!"

The exclamation broke involuntarily from the good woman's lips as they entered the low-roofed fetid hovel, where, lying on filthy straw trodden down by the cattle, and as close to each other as they could well be, were eleven ghastly forms, some doubled up in strange contorted attitudes, and filling the shed with their groans and wails, others stretched out rigid and motionless as statues.

"Three dead," observed the Doctor carelessly. "That one nearest you—you had better carry him outside, Max, we want all the room there is—and those two in the corner. Now, my Sister, here is a poor fellow, out of whose shoulder I have just fished a musket-ball, and who will be the better for some of your brandy. Will you see to him? I think he has fainted. And you, Fraulein, come here. I hope you are handy."

He turned sharply to Twitters as he spoke, who, sick and giddy at the sight of so many mutilated forms, at the cries which broke from the parched lips of the sufferers, and at the heavy fearful smell which filled the place, had hard ado to keep herself from sinking to the ground.

"Yes, Herr Doctor, I—I believe so," she stammered, and instantly had a roll of bandages thrust into her hand.

"Heinrich will hold the man while I take off his foot," the Doctor went on rapidly; "and you hold the bandages ready, and give me each as I want it. So! Now, friend, I'm going to be merciful, and give you some chloroform."

"Not to me, monsieur," said the wounded man, speaking in a tone so feeble as to be barely audible. "I have disease of the heart, and——"

"Well, well, then bear it, that's all. It is only a trifle more courage. Here, Fraulein, a little closer."

The German knelt down to raise the wounded leg, while with a rapid skilful hand, the surgeon cut the boot from the shattered foot, muttering the while:

"H'm—m, this is ugly, very ugly. Fraulein, my tools. Now, friend, courage. Hah! what is the reason of that?"

The exclamation was neither occasioned by a scream or struggle from the Frenchman, who had simply set his teeth and clenched his hands; but by a sudden avalanche of bandages, lint, and instruments tumbling into the surgeon's lap, a strangled little cry, a rustle and fall, and a young lady lying in a little crumpled gray heap at the sufferer's side, her pretty fair hair staining itself in the bloody clay of the cabin floor.

For the first time in her life Twitters had fainted away.

"What!" exclaimed the justly indignant Doctor. "Is this the way for nurses to behave? What ails her? I heard no shot; yet——"

"Monsieur," said the sergeant faintly, "it appears to me that the sight of the wound caused mademoiselle to faint. She has a sensitive heart."

"Heart be hanged!" exclaimed the angry Galen. "She is a fine lady; one of your sentimental Englishwomen who come here and make a great noise and parade, and fill the English papers with letters about their usefulness, when they know no more of nursing wounded men than a cow, and can't even bear to look at a little blood. Heinrich, if you have a hand to spare, reach me that strip of linen; and you, my brave, take a pull of brandy to steady you again after that idiot's escapade. Well, Fraulein," as Twitters, whose fainting-fit had only lasted a minute or so, made an effort to get up, "what are you staring at? Do you not think you had better go outside? This is certainly no place for fine ladies."

The poor girl, who was now sitting up, feeling very giddy and bewildered, blushed piteously at his sarcasm. Not that she resented it. On the contrary, she felt that he was right, and that she had, in fact, no business there; she who had thought she could be quite as useful as Miss Curtis, and who had disgraced herself so utterly at the first trial. And her eyes filled with hot contrite tears as she answered humbly:

"I am so very, very sorry, Herr Doctor; O, pray don't send me away."

The surgeon paid no attention to her—how could he when he was busy taking off his patient's foot, while he held a strip of bandage between his teeth—and as soon as the last turn of the knife had severed the mangled member, Twitters summoned up courage to draw near, and gently take the poor man's head into her own lap, so as to raise it and make him easier while the doctor fastened the bandages, and then to the next patient, where Sister Gertrude was already waiting to assist him with the deftest fingers, and readiest presence of mind in the world.

It must be said in behalf of our poor little heroine ("a 'poor heroine,' indeed," I hear some of you say) that this was the first time she had ever come in contact with the actual horrors of the battle-field; and I fancy many a medical student will tell you that he felt very sick, and flinched like a coward, at his first sight of a bad operation.

Besides, the girl had been travelling since morning of the previous day, had had no sleep, and only a hasty breakfast; and was, therefore, naturally as much weakened in her bodily powers as in her nerves.

The first sight and smell of the interior of the shed had sickened her to the soul, and made the floor seem to swim beneath her; and when she saw the shattered foot uncovered, and the gleam of the lifted knife, her endurance suddenly gave way, and she succumbed altogether.

Fortunately, the doctor said no more to her. He went busily from man to man, aided by Sister Gertrude and the two soldiers, and Twitters was left to sit on the ground and hold the Frenchman's head, now and then moistening his lips with brandy, or wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead, and too utterly crushed and humiliated to proffer further assitance. Little good she knew it would be to do so after her last failure; but after a time the Sister came to her side and said,

"Should you be able to stay here for a little, and attend to these poor men by yourself?

"There is nothing to be done for them, remember that, but to give them drink when they want it, and ease the positions a little of any but those two, if they are in great pain.

"The doctor and his men are going elsewhere, where they are more required, and I must return to the camp hospital for some blankets for these poor creatures; but they cannot be left alone, and as you do not know the way, it would be no use to send you."

"O Sister, I shall be only too glad to stay. Indeed, I want to be useful," cried poor Twitters, quite grateful to the nun for

giving her an order, even though at the same moment her heart was beating fast with nervous alarm at the idea of being left alone with all those wounded and dying men, and with the deep boom of cannon and continuous rattle of musketry filling her ears, and making her nerves quiver with the unaccustomed excitement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Young Folks.

PRINCESS GLORIANA.

BY C. GOLDNEY.

THE Princess Gloriana sat alone in her alabaster tower looking out towards the sea, with her blue eyes fixed on the shining deep and the cloud of white gulls flickering up and down with restless movement. But she was not thinking of anything she saw, her brow was puckered with anxious thought, and now and then she heaved a sigh, as if the subject of her meditation were too weighty for her.

The room in which she sat was the most perfect gem of art; and she herself—the Princess—was the crowning point of beauty, on which the eye dwelt in rapturous delight whilst the exquisite surroundings faded back into a soft harmonious background.

The thoughts that were troubling the Princess were these:—

"To-morrow is my twentieth birthday, and in a few minutes I may expect my fairy godmother to appear with her usual question, 'My dear Gloriana, what should you like to have for a birthday present?' and I have not the slightest idea what to ask for. I have everything that mortal can desire, all the love the heart can wish from devoted parents, a hundred ardent suitors, and a vast empire that one day will own me as its sovereign. I can remember seventeen visits of my godmother on my seventeen birthdays, and she has never failed to give me what I have desired.

"What shall I ask my godmother to give me this time?"

Princess Gloriana brooded for a few moments longer; then a gentle smile stole over the lovely lips, and clasping her hands she softly exclaimed:

"What could be sweeter than to hear the incessant praise of the Princess Gloriana coming forth from the lips of men? What is the use of being more gifted than others if I cannot hear the expressions of admiration, wonder and delight, which my beauty and talents must excite? Yes, I will ask for the gift of hearing all that is said of me throughout the world."

There was no turning of the handle, no opening of the door, no sound of footfall on the carpet, yet when the Princess unclasped her hands she became aware of the presence of her fairy godmother.

"My dear Gloriana, what should you like to have to-morrow for a birthday present?"

Just the same old words, but there was a look in the fairy godmother's face that ought to have startled and warned the Princess.

But Gloriana was only thinking of her new idea, and she was no more ready to be warned than any of us when we have a new hobbyhorse to ride on to the death.

"Dear godmother, you are just in time,—I only decided a minute ago."

"Think before you speak, Gloriana; the gift is yours as soon as asked for."

"I have done with thinking," said the Princess, shaking her head, "it only puzzled me; but an inspiration arose which I accepted."

The fairy godmother raised her hand, but Gloriana continued hastily:

"You have given me every good thing that I can want, now give me the power of hearing all that men shall say of me till my next birthday comes round."

"The gift is yours."

The same old words, but oh, the wail with which they were uttered! Yet the Princess heeded the despairing voice no more than the warning face of the fairy godmother; for what can damp the ardor of a young heart set on a fresh delight?

Early the next morning Princess Gloriana was awakened by the roaring of cannons; twenty guns were fired in honor of her twenty years.

As the first boom sounded she turned on her pillow murmuring, "My birthday," with a happy luxurious feeling.

The next moment she heard distinctly the voice of a little child, saying:

"Mother, what is that great noise?"

Then the reply:

"They are firing guns, dear, in honor of Princess Gloriana's birthday, that all the world may know that she is twenty years old to-day."

"Will she have as many as twenty presents, do you think?"

"A great many more than that, perhaps twenty hundred."

"O dear, I hope she will send me some; she could not want so many; and you are too poor, mother, to buy me any presents."

"Child, you are foolish; why should she send you presents? she does not know you, and she thinks of nobody but herself."

The Princess felt as if some cold water had been suddenly thrown over her; she knew not whether to be sad or angry.

"Ah," she said, drawing a long breath, "my godmother's gift has come," and the first taste of that gift was not pleasant.

Boom, boom, went the guns.

The Princess listened trembling.

"Such a fuss about nothing," muttered an artisan on his way to work, "and we are taxed to pay for the powder wasted to-day. I'd like to make Gloriana scrub my kitchen to take the pride out of her.

"She's not half as handsome as my Molly, and she holds her head as stiff as a broomstick."

The Princess stuffed the pillows into her ears, but it was easier to deaden the booming guns than those dreadful voices that sounded so distant and clear, one after the other, till every nerve in her body was thrilling with anger, shame, and indignant despair.

The hundred princes who thronged the court as her suitors uttered bitter words about her pride and her caprices, and declared that only the great wealth and mighty empire which she would one day inherit tempted them to stoop before her, and to put up with her haughty airs.

Yet there was one who did not lift up his voice against her, the quiet and modest Prince Xerxes, whom she had greatly despised and laughed at, declaring that he could not say "Boo" to a goose, nor hold up his head like a man.

"My darling's birthday?" was all he said, but the words conveyed a good deal to the mind of the Princess.

But hearing everything said about her actually made her so sick that there were times, indeed, when it seemed as if Gloriana were actually dying.

At length however the weary year had almost run its course, and the eve of another birthday brought the fairy godmother to the side of the Princess.

"My dear Gloriana, what should you like to have for a birthday present?"

Gloriana shuddered; then, roused to frenzy by the same old words, which seemed to mock at her misery, she started up saying:

"Begone! your gifts have been turned into curses, I will have no more of them!"

"Ungrateful girl!" replied the fairy godmother, with a stern, reproachful face, "is it my fault or yours, that these gifts have been abused, and caused misery instead of joy?"

Gloriana sank back against her pillow, silent and ashamed.

"I tried to warn you last year, before the fatal wish was uttered, but pride and self-consequence had blinded your eyes and made your ears deaf, and you would have your own way."

"I have borne too much already," sighed the Princess; "let me die in peace, I ask no more."

"Rather wish to live, and use your splendid gifts for the benefit of others. Prosperity hardens the hearts of some, just as the sunshine scorches and bakes the earth; but where is the soil so hard and stony that refuses to be softened by the rain, falling perhaps from some thick black cloud that seems to darken our whole life, and shut out any prospect of light?"

A few tears rolled down from Gloriana's half-closed eyes, but still she said nothing.

"If blessings fail our hearts with pride and selfishness, that is very bad; but if affliction only stirs up sullen anger and despair, that is worse; if nothing will correct our faults we must be surely in a hopeless state. Rouse yourself, Gloriana, come out like gold from the furnace. To-morrow you will be twenty-one, and I shall hand you over to yourself from that day; my visits and my gifts will cease together. Use this last opportunity well, and ask for what will serve you to the end of your days."

"Self, self has been the snare," softly murmured the Princess; "I will think of self no more. Happiness is a shadow that flies when we run after it, but it comes and settles by our side quietly and comfortably when we give up hunting it, and turn our thoughts to duty and to work."

The Princess looked quite different as she spoke; the fairy godmother nodded her head with satisfaction, for she never wasted needless words, and said quickly:

"Now what shall it be—the last gift of your life?"

"Give me a large sympathetic heart, to enter into the joys and sorrows of others as if they were my own."

When the clock struck the midnight hour the Princess fell into a deep refreshing sleep. Not even the guns awoke her, as, with twenty-one voices they recorded the age of Princess Gloriana.

The Emperor and Empress sat up in bed and began to say, "Poor Glo———," but something stopped them, and they burst out laughing instead. They could not tell what made them feel so happy; certainly the sun shone as he had never shone before and the air, the flowers, the birds, and the whole earth seemed to breathe forth an atmosphere of joy and freshness that was almost bewildering.

Every member of the royal household appeared to be seized with a fit of life and gladness; the servants bustled about with a surprising vivacity; suppressed laughter was heard in every corner; the kettles sang and the cats purred; the dogs jumped, and and nearly wagged their tails off; the cook forgot to scold, and even the doors creaked with merriment.

The Emperor and Empress sat down to breakfast; one declared that the coffee had the finest flavor in the world, and the other that the muffins were toasted to perfection; and when the door opened, and Gloriana appeared with golden rays in her hair, sunshine in her eyes, the bloom of the morning in her cheeks, and her whole heart running out of her lips in words of sweetest love and greetings, there had never—never—never been such a happy little party as this before.

In what a different manner did the Princess receive her birthday presents this year from what she had done the year before! She heard no more this time than she was intended to hear, and with a large heart and large smiles she trusted all and won all back to kindness, receiving from others the same love and sympathy that she dealt out to them.

The hundred princes had departed to return no more, but the princess missed them with a sigh of relief. A court ball was hastily arranged and enjoyed all the more for having been got up in a hurry; the young ladies had no new dresses to burden their minds with fears of rents and disasters, and they danced away most merrily in their old ones; whilst the gentlemen discovered that for ease and comfort there is nothing like a well-worn coat and a pair of boots that have done good service.

The world wondered at the sudden restoration of Princess Gloriana's health, and some new medicines were supposed to have worked the cure.

You must not suppose that the Princess gave herself up to a life of available enjoyment.

Wherever there was sorrow, sickness, and poverty, there came the Princess with a sympathetic heart dealing out comfort, healing, and every possible alleviation of distress.

The hospitals, the schools, the reformatories, and the prisons, all spoke of the presence of Princess Gloriana; of her searching eye, ready resources, and lavish spending of gold and time and thought, and, better still, of an everlasting spring of love that, though human, seemed almost divine in its depth and width.

When the Princess had nearly reached her twenty-fourth birthday, the Emperor said it was time that she should be married, and as she had had so much difficulty in choosing for herself out of a hundred suitors, he had determined to take the matter into his own hands, and to choose for her a suitable partner.

The Princess was grave and silent, whilst she played with the amber heart that hung upon her chain. At last she spoke:

"Father, you know best. I can trust my happiness to you."

As he stooped to kiss her, she whispered, "Where is Prince Xerxes?"

"He went away like the rest, Gloriana. Those who give up a prize so lightly are not worth a thought."

"Whom have you chosen for your son-in-law, father?"

"The bravest, noblest man in the world, Gloriana; the great General Artaphernes. He has led our armies to victory, crushed our ancient enemy, and thrown dust upon his pride; and, I may add, that he has secured the crown for your brow, and the sceptre for your hand, which without his genius and valor had surely departed from this house for ever."

Gloriana turned pale with awe and surprise. This hero, mysterious in his unknown history, was to be her future lord. This was something very different from the crowd of puling princes whom she had despised, even poor faithful Xerxes must of necessity give way to such a giant of fame as General Artaphernes.

"But what of his wishes, father?" murmured Gloriana; "I would not have myself offered to any man as a recompense for services."

"You may trust your dignity to me, my child. Artaphernes has refused every offer of distinction and reward, and he claims but one privilege—that of throwing himself and his sword at your feet. I have given him permission to do so. It is for you, Gloriana, a, to decide what to say to one so noble and devoted."

The color flew into her cheeks, and she replied with agitation, "My heart will tell me what to say when the moment comes; I shall see at a glance if he be good and true."

The great day came when General Artaphernes entered the capital with his victorious troops, and amidst the shouts of the populace marched to the palace, where the Emperor and Empress and Princess Gloriana waited to receive him.

Artaphernes walked up the grand hall of reception with a fine soldierly step, and with a firm dignity and modesty becoming one who had wrestled with great dangers, and had overcome them.

The appearance of the hero of the day was not disappointing, and the face, though much concealed by a large growth of beard and moustaches, wore a grave, kind expression.

While Gloriana was watching this stirring reality coming towards her with feelings of pride and satisfaction, her mind was pursuing a shadow of the past which slipped away before she could grasp it.

There was a familiarity in the appearance of Artaphernes which grew painful in its intensity.

The Emperor stepped forward just as the general was about to kneel before his sovereign, and placing a crown of laurel on his head, he bade him not to kneel to man, and to accept the thanks and undying gratitude of the Emperor and the nation for saving them in the hour of danger.

Artaphernes bowed his thanks, and taking the crown of laurel from his brow, he knelt before the Princess and laid it at her feet.

"He will speak now," thought the Princess; "and I shall know him by the voice."

But she sighed when the voice came rough and deep, and it awakened no echo in her memory.

"Beautiful Princess, I have fought for you, for your honor and safety, and I have come to lay my laurels at your feet. With the Emperor's permission, I humbly venture to crave that you will crown the happiness of this hour by the promise of your hand."

The Princess replied in a low voice, "Let it be as you and my father desire."

She held out her hand to Artaphernes with a frank smile, and he pressed it to his lips, still kneeling:

"One more boon, kind Princess; I have given you my laurels, give me in return some small token of your regard, in remembrance of your promise."

"Certainly," replied Gloriana; "take one of my rings;—which will you have?"

"If I might venture to express a preference for one thing over another," said Artaphernes slowly, "give me that little amber heart that hangs upon your chain."

"O, not that, it has been my companion for years—it belongs to a cherished memory." It had been given her by Prince Xerxes.

Gloriana grasped the amber heart as she spoke, as if no power should tear it from her.

"If the Princess Gloriana honors me with her hand," said Artaphernes steadily, "I cannot endure that even a corner of her heart should be given to a 'cherished memory.' I will have all or none, and take your decision like a soldier."

"Here is a man," thought the Princess, "who intends to be master of all his possessions. I shall have to yield."

After a pause, which seemed very long to Artaphernes, she answered sweetly, "You are right—I will give you the amber heart."

Great general! he had won in court as he had done in camp, and the queen of his heart had been subdued by his brave determination as completely as his enemies in the field.

Artaphernes rose to his feet, and looking straight into the Princess's eyes, said, in a voice of unexpected softness and tenderness, "Thanks, dearest Gloriana, I will not take your amber heart—keep it as a link to join the present to the past."

Then Gloriana knew that Artaphernes, her betrothed husband, was Prince Xerxes, her lover of old.

We need scarcely say what happiness awaited the Princess, when the qualities of the gentle and modest prince and the brave determined soldier were combined in the person of her husband.

The nation rejoiced in the happy union of the devoted pair, and looked forward with satisfaction to the prospect of being ruled by Xerxes and Gloriana.

The fairy godmother appeared to give a parting blessing, and to hear from the Princess's lips that her one year of pain and sorrow had acted like a terrible storm of rain, flooding the parched land, drowning hope and happiness, but leaving it rich and fertile to blossom in all future years.

WHENCE CELESTIAL PIGTAILS.—A recent imperial edict on the subject calls our attention to the origin of the pigtail, which is now the distinctive mark of a native of the Flowery Land. It is one of the strange phenomena of that country, where everything is so ancient and where so few innovations have been tolerated, that this practice, which was originally the badge of conquest, should have been not merely accepted, but to intertwine itself so closely with the national life that it would now require forcible measures to induce the people to forego it. For in the days before the Manchu conquest when the throne was occupied by the great dynasties of antiquity, the Chinese allowed their hair to grow as best it pleased them; and they were even known to some of their neighbors as the "long-haired race." But when the great soldier Noorachu marched southwards from Maukden to conquer China and establish the Manchu dynasty, he gave an order to his lieutenants to compel the people, as they submitted, to shave their heads in token of their surrender. The Manchus were thus enabled to discover at a glance which of the Chinese were vanquished, and which were not; while the thoroughness of their success was expressed in the most formal and emphatic manner.

This practice, which was adopted partly from the exigencies arising out of the conquest of the multitudes of China by a mere handful of Tartar soldiers, was continued and became an integral portion of the Manchu system of government, and the result has tended to confirm the wisdom of the founders of the present dynasty. The popular views on the subject of the pigtail have not yet been ascertained with any degree of certitude; but it may be remarked that all the insurrections of the last twenty years have put forward, as one of their features, the intention to renew this practice, which has there been represented as a badge of conquest. There now, however, seems more chance than ever of its perpetuation.

REV. MR. SINCLAIR AGAIN.—Among the first to recognize the merits of Holman's Pad was Rev. J. H. Sinclair, of Staten Island. His testimonial, published in 1875, sold a great number of Pads. Recently Mr. S. brought to our office, voluntarily, the following:—

Gentlemen—After suffering for many years from Chills and Fever, in utter despair of cure, I was induced to try Holman's Pad. Contrary to my expectations, I was cured; and as the event has shown, *radically*. Year after year adds its testimony to the efficacy of the Pad in all malarial complaints. After an experience of *five years*, I desire to reaffirm all I formerly said of the virtues of Dr. Holman's Pads, and earnestly recommend them to the afflicted.

Yours, very sincerely,
J. H. SINCLAIR.

TOMPKINSVILLE, S. I., July 14, 1880.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway N. Y.

A CRUSHED ROSE.

BY H. P. A.

It is only a flower that I give you,
A hundred-leaved damask-dyed rose;
Shut it in there between the dark pages,
When that book of sweet chantment you close.

But when it is crushed there, and withered,
And you—still a rose in your bloom,
If it should occur, your careless white fingers,
Take it out of its magical tomb.

It will spread with its fragrance around you
The spell of a breeze-shaken tune
An hour in a garden of roses,
A morning of sunshine in June.

A face that implored with pale passion,
Empty arms that entreated you, sweet,
And a heart that had perished to please you
Trodden under your pitiless feet!

The Little Old Maid.

BY WILSON BENSON.

IT was a pleasant little place, a story and a half high only, but spread out over a great deal of ground.

There was a big velvet lawn in front, with half-a-dozen beech-trees that had stood there for a hundred years; magnificent old trees as ever cast their waving shadows on a summer day.

"It is the very place for you," Isabel Dale said, with a happy eager look in her dark eyes.

And Mr. Felix Pontifex smiled back at her, with that look a man gives a pretty girl whom he admires unusually much.

"I shall decide upon it then. 'Beechcliff Cottage,' a pretty rural name, and the landlady is——"

Isabel laughed, showing her distractingly pretty dimple.

"Miss Amy Barry, a little ugly old maid, and just as nice as she can be."

Mr. Pontifex affected a horrified scowl, and helped Miss Dale into the carriage again.

"A very picturesque place indeed," he said, looking back towards the pretty old-fashioned house under the shade of the big beeches. "I am glad you spoke of it to me. I will drive over again when Miss Barry is home, and make the necessary arrangements."

Which "arrangements" were, that in consideration of twenty-five dollars a week, Mr. Pontifex was to have Miss Barry's two front rooms for himself and his little motherless children, and a room in the attic "lean-to" for their nurse, the buxom young girl.

It was a perfect godsend to little Amy Barry—"little ugly old maid" that she was—and when she knelt beside her bed that night, she offered her thankful gladness that Mr. Pontifex had come to smooth her financial road for her.

For a summer boarder meant so much to Miss Barry, who five years ago had lost, in one week, her mother and father and the big strong brother who had been such a tower of strength to them all.

There had been nothing left to Amy but the homestead where she had been born and always lived, and when people had advised her to sell it, and put the money in the bank for a rainy day, while she went about sewing, she indignantly scouted such counsel.

"No, indeed! A farmer's daughter ought to manage a bit of ground as well as a farmer's son. I'll keep the place, and in summer I'll take boarders, and Larry O'Toole shall do my heavy work for me. When the 'rainy day' comes, I'll have my home and a penny in the bank both."

She had prospered fairly until the last year; so that now, when Mr. Pontifex came, it was a godsend to her, and she went about her pretty cosy little house as contented and happy as the day was long.

An "ugly little old maid" that was what bonny bright Isabel had called her, and Felix Pontifex caught himself one day watching her as she went flitting from place to place in her big white apron and tucked up sleeves, and satiny-brown hair braided beneath a brown silk net, both his children, Phil and Edna, trotting around after her.

"Mr. Pontifex is just delighted with Beechcliff Cottage," Isabel Dale said one bright morning, when she dropped in a moment; such a radiant vision in her pale blue lawn and pale pink ribbons, her lovely face all aflush, her eyes shining like stars.

Amy was mixing puff paste for lemon pie—lemon pie and rice-pudding was Mr. Pontifex's favorite dessert.

"Is that so?" Amy laughed, holding out one short dimpled arm inside the oven to test its heat. "That's pleasant to know, and especially from you, Isabel, for I feel most truly grateful to you for recommending my cottage to him. He is a great friend of yours, isn't he?"

Isabel laughed, and a little crimson flush warmed her cheek.

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, he is a friend of course, I've known him—over a year now. He's handsome, isn't he?"

"I think he is the finest looking gentleman I ever saw," Amy answered promptly, then bent a little puzzled look upon Isabel. "How did you come to send him here? I should think you would prefer Grace with you at the 'St. Robert.'"

"You little goose, can't you understand that? Indeed, I don't want him at the hotel—why, there's Vera May, and Jessie Dean, and that lovely Miss Hathaway from the west. Amy, I am so glad he came here where there's no temptation for him to be made a dead set at. A handsome rich widower you know is a great catch. There, he's safe you see."

She certainly did not mean anything cruel, but it touched little plain Amy as nothing had ever hurt her.

And, proud little woman that she was, she suddenly had to rush to the pantry for more sugar to hide the tears she felt coming to her eyes.

Mr. Pontifex was safe at Beechcliff Cottage.

Yes, she was too old, too plain, too decidedly an old maid, to be dangerous to any man's peace of mind.

It was all true, and she had known it all her life, but somehow it occurred to her as never before.

Little, and plain, and old, but with a woman's heart beating warm and strong-ful in her bosom, and somehow Isabel Dale's rare blossomy beauty seemed for a moment the most desirable possession in all the world because with it such love and devotion and admiration could be won.

She thrust the foolish thought away from her, and came back, her sugar-crock in her hand.

"Do you bathe every day, Isabel? I heard the children saying the water was delightfully warm to-day.

"We go down every day, why don't you go, Miss Barry? I have the loveliest bathing-dress—cream flannel trimmed with brown. Can't you go with us at four o'clock to-day? Mr. Pontifex is going, and mamma, and Chris."

How she would have liked to go!

But here was not the life of pleasure and ease that the brilliant butterflies of fashion lead.

"I rather think not," she said. "I want to make a short-cake for tea. The children are so fond of it, and I promised it for to-night.

"But the children can be disappointed for once. You must go, Miss Barry."

And Mr. Pontifex stepped in the big shady kitchen, so handsome in his white-duck suit that Amy's own skilful hands had [illegible]

Isabel gave him a rapturous glance of welcome, and Amy laughed a little confusedly.

"I hope I am not intruding, or that this delicious old-fashioned room is forbidden ground," he said.

Amy pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Pontifex," she said, and then went on with her pastry, while he and Isabel chatted and laughed.

And ended by taking Amy's consent to go with them bathing.

She never knew quite how it all happened—none of them knew—but little Edna managed to separate herself from them, and the first thing any one knew the child was screaming and being borne out by the [illegible] and Amy had plunged in after [illegible] the important fact that she was not much more able to fight the heavy sea than [illegible]

There was [illegible] a shriek or so from Isabel, an exclamation of something not perfectly intelligible from Mr. Pontifex, a prompt command to Isabel's big brother Christ, and then shortly after, little Edna and Amy were carried out unconscious; and the next thing Amy knew, she was on her own lounge in her little sitting room, with the sound of Isabel's and her mother's voices in the next room, and Mr. Pontifex's handsome anxious eyes looking down in her face, as he sat beside her, [illegible] perched contentedly on his knee.

"Aimee!" he said, in a low breathless sort of way, as she looked wonderingly at him; "Aimee, my brave little darling thank Heaven I saved you, for my sake, [illegible]"

She suddenly began to cry.

"Would [illegible] mean?"

"Was [illegible] a tumble in a dream"

"Amy [illegible] went on [illegible] her face, all full of [illegible], stopped so near to hers that she knew it was no dream. "If you had died, I think I should have died too! I meant to have told you this very day how I have learned to love you—that I want you to be my blessed little wife, if you can care enough for me to come to me. Can you, Aimee? Do you, dear?"

* * * * *

And even Isabel could not begrudge happy Amy her great happiness, when she saw what perfect bliss had come to the little woman from her summer boarder.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.—There are those who make their keen sensitiveness to the sufferings of others an excuse for shrinking from them. They do not want to hear a tale of misery, to visit the sick or poor, to witness sorrow or pain, or even to think about human woes that call so loudly for relief, because it shocks their refined sensibilities. The most ordinary intelligence should show that the very pain thus endured is the germ of that sympathy with which the world needs to help, to comfort her sorrowing ones. If, to spare our own nerves, we crush this germ, and deny to our suffering brothers and sisters the judicious aid that wealth, or culture, or opportunities enable us to bestow, how shall we sufficiently reproach ourselves with a selfishness so pronounced, and what shall we say of a civilization which bears such fruits?

M. S.

A NOTED politician says, "The press is a great ink convenience sometimes."

IN the matter of disordered nerves, Boston girls suffer no more than those of other cities. There are painful sensibilities that nothing can cure so thoroughly as Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, and every nervous girl should use them.

New Publications.

A book invaluable to advertisers, and those interested in journalism generally, is N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual for 1881. It gives the name of every paper published in the United States and Canada, its times of issue, politics, or other distinctive features, its size, year of establishment, circulation, and advertising rate. It gives the population of each place in which newspapers are published, and also the population of the county and State in which it is situated, according to the best authorities. Under each State heading is given its capital, the number of counties in the State, the number of counties and places in which papers are published, and number of towns which are county-seats, the total number of papers inserting advertisements, as well as the number of each issue. It gives, also, a list of all newspapers published in the United States and Canada which insert advertisements, arranged in States by counties, with the population of each county and the description and circulation of each paper. It gives separate lists of religious and agricultural publications, and all newspapers and periodicals inserting advertisements published in foreign languages. Altogether, it is one of the most complete books of the kind that has ever been issued. N. W. Ayer & Son, publishers, this city

A book that will be rapturously welcomed by the younger, and read with pleasure by the older, is "Young Americans in Japan." It is written by Edward Greey, a resident for many years of that country, and faithfully paints its manners and customs in the most entertaining style. The book mainly describes the adventures of an American family—particularly the younger members of it—and a young Japanese who has been educated in the States, in their journey through Japan. We can commend it on all accounts. The value of its facts, the interest of the story, and the excellence of its one hundred and fifty excellent illustrations. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by J. McCauley, 1309 Chestnut St. Price, $1.50.

The books for the holidays have already begun to make their appearance, and a very beautifully got-up one is "He Giveth to His Beloved Sleep," a magnificently illustrated copy of the poem of that title by Mrs. Browning. The designs, all splendid works of art, are by Miss L. B. Humphrey, the engravings by Andrew. It is printed on strong white paper, and the backs mounted in green and gold. Altogether, it makes a most acceptable holiday book. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and for sale by J. McCauley, 1309 Chestnut St. Price, $1.50.

The Bryant & Stratton Business College has sent us an address, "Elements of Success," by James A. Garfield. Like all that ever fell from the lips of the late President, it is worthy of the most earnest reading.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, have issued a beautifully-illuminated and illustrated catalogue of some of their forthcoming publications.

MAGAZINES.

The Portrait of Dr. Holland, by Wyatt Eaton, which The Century Co. offer on special terms to subscribers to *The Century Magazine* (Scribner's Monthly), is a life-size photograph from the original canyon drawing, showing nearly the full face and part of the shoulders. Considered only as an exceptionally fine specimen of the art of photography in America, this picture is of great interest. It has, moreover, an intrinsic art-value as an exact reproduction of the work of one of the best portrait painters in America; and it will be welcomed for its subject in many homes where the writings of Dr. Holland are "familiar as household words." It is sent [illegible] with [illegible] for $10, or in connection with [illegible] to *The Century Magazine* as follows: [illegible] unframed, with a year's subscription $6.50; [illegible] with a year's subscription, $11.50, unframed, with [illegible] two years' subscription $10.00, framed, with a two years' subscription, $15.00.

The Eclectic Magazine for November contains a number of very readable articles from the leading English magazines. Among some of the more prominent are: The Place of Revelation in Evolution; Arthur Penryhn Stanley; Rambles Among Books, some Advantages and Uses of the English New Testament; Chembino, A Physiological Art Fancy; The Mind's Mirror, How to Eat Bread; Worry, etc., etc. E. R. Pelton, New York, publisher. Received from Central News Co.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly for November contains a handsome colored frontispiece illustrating six varieties of foliage plants, with some timely notes about bulbs and the autumn care of plants. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN that have been bedridden for years have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.,

Inventor and proprietor of the celebrated Celery and Chamomile Pills. These Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Dizziness, and Dyspepsia, and will cure any case, no matter how obstinate, if properly used. They are not a cure-all, but only for those special diseases. They contain no opium, morphine, or quinine and are not a purgative, but regulate the bowels and cure constipation by curing or removing the cause. They have a specific effect upon the nervous system, strengthening the tone and giving vitality to the nerves, thus making rich blood and healthy flesh. They make or create nerve force and nerve power, force and buoyancy to the mind, and that way to increase mental power, clearness and brilliancy of mind. Nobody that has a nervous system should neglect to take them two or three times in each year, as a nerve food, if for no other purpose.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, containing of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1 per package.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

One of the Reasonable Pleasures

of life, a properly cooked meal, affords little or no practical enjoyment, and such a repast [illegible] to a confirmed dyspeptic. But when indigestion is combated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the food is eaten with relish, and most important of all, is assimilated by and nourishes the system. Use this grand tonic and corrective also to remedy constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

FLORENCE

OIL - STOVES AND HEATERS.

No Smoke,
No Smell,
Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE

Send for circular and Price List

S. E. Corner 7th & Arch Sts.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

PENSIONS.

ARE PAID [illegible] A WIDOW [illegible] Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Regulars, Volunteers, REGULARS [illegible] disease of Lungs, Various Veins [illegible] Wounds of [illegible] Rupture, [illegible] Parents for [illegible] Brothers or Sisters [illegible] Children [illegible] Widows of Officers [illegible] Widows of Soldiers [illegible] Widows of Sailors [illegible] Widows of Marines [illegible] Widows of Regulars [illegible] Widows of Volunteers [illegible] Widows of Militia [illegible] Widows of Rangers [illegible] Widows of Scouts [illegible] Widows of Guides [illegible] Widows of Pilots [illegible] Widows of Engineers [illegible] Widows of Firemen [illegible] Widows of Clerks [illegible] Widows of Mechanics [illegible] Widows of Laborers [illegible] Widows of Teamsters [illegible] Widows of Cooks [illegible] Widows of Waiters [illegible] Widows of Nurses [illegible] Widows of Hospital Attendants [illegible] Widows of Chaplains [illegible] Widows of Surgeons [illegible] Widows of Assistant Surgeons [illegible] Widows of Medical Officers [illegible] Widows of Medical Cadets [illegible] Widows of Medical Students [illegible] Widows of Medical Interns [illegible] Widows of Medical Residents [illegible] Widows of Medical Fellows [illegible] Widows of Medical Professors [illegible] Widows of Medical Lecturers [illegible] Widows of Medical Demonstrators [illegible] Widows of Medical Assistants [illegible] Widows of Medical Clerks [illegible] Widows of Medical Orderlies [illegible] Widows of Medical Hospital Stewards [illegible] Widows of Medical Nurses [illegible] Widows of Medical Attendants [illegible] Widows of Medical Chaplains [illegible] Widows of Medical Surgeons [illegible] Widows of Medical

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them, and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:— { Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor hang in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without soaking or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft, try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Grains of Gold.

You become none the viler for being dispraised.

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

It is best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice demands everything it has not.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kindness.

Genuine politeness is the first born offspring of generosity and modesty.

Traits of character which you seek to conceal, you had better seek to reform.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

"Better late than never" transformed into "better never late," is a good maxim.

There is nothing useless to men of sense; clever people turn everything to account.

To act on a determination made in anger is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

In character, manners, style, in everything, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

To be comfortable and contented, spend less than you can earn—an art which few seem to have learned.

Humility is the source of all true greatness; pride is ever impatient, and always ready to be offended.

This is the present reward of virtuous conduct—that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to regret it.

Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind; temperance and chastity are the sobriety of the body.

When a man has no desire but to speak the plain truth, he may say a good deal in a very narrow compass.

Innocent fun is as good as any. The best medicine is not always bitter, nor is a thing wicked because it is agreeable.

Pleasure may be aptly compared to many very great books, which increase in real value in the proportion they are abridged.

Love is the foundation stone upon which the universe rests. Without it all would be chaos—both the material and the physical worlds.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.

We are sowing seeds of truth or error, of dishonesty or integrity, every day we live, and everywhere we go, that will take root in somebody's life.

True dispatch is a rich thing, for time is the measure of business as money is of wares, and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch.

The main purpose of human life being the construction of man's character, we have in that fact the rule by which to measure things, and determine whether they are right or wrong.

In one sense life is a warfare—it is a succession of campaigns. Everyone should have a clearly defined purpose—and work up to it with undeviating persistency. This is the only way to succeed.

If we must experience all things for ourselves, we must pass through very many painful experiences. Would we but profit by the experiences of others, we should have the royal road to the palace of wisdom.

He who hates an enemy, gives him more reason for animosity; he who shuns him creates the suspicion that he hates him; he who forgives him always triumphs over him; he who loves him makes him a means of good.

A man conscious of enthusiasm for worthy aims is sustained under petty hostilities by the memories of great workers who had to fight their way not without wounds, and who hover in his mind, patron saints, invisibly helping.

Let your promises be sincere, and so prudently considered as not to exceed the reach of your ability. He who promises more than he can perform is false to himself; and he who does not perform what he has promised is false to his friend.

Man can never come up to his ideal standard; it is the nature of the immortal spirit to raise that standard higher and higher, as it goes from strength to strength, still upward and onward. Accordingly, the wisest and greatest men are ever the most modest.

A person who has no object in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career. A man who aims at nothing, cannot reasonably expect to hit anything. In military law there is always what is called the objective point. The objective point is the point to be made, the thing to be done.

We find one occupation which is ever green, of which we shall never weary, which is good for all seasons, beautiful at all times, a source of unwearying delight, which is nearest to the divine—and that is the act of doing good. This is one pleasure which will surely increase as life goes on.

Hate idleness, and curb all passions. Be true in all words and actions. Deliver not your opinion unnecessarily; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered and plain. Be charitable, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

"Working Wonders."

A physician who is using Compound Oxygen in his practice, says: "Your Treatment is working wonders. I only wish that I had known its value before. I am receiving marked success in the following diseases: Ovaritis, Pulmonary Phthisis, Angina Pectoris; also in abating the symptoms and pathological lesions arising during Climacteric period." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Waiting maids—Single women.

Paris has but one female physician.

Matchless maid—The kitchen girl out of heifers.

It is now allowable for ladies to part their hair elsewhere than in the middle.

Some men find it hard work to raise the wind so that their wives can put on airs.

At Swansea, in Wales, recently, a woman was convicted of drunkenness and rioting for the 185th time.

Jackets made of leather are all the rage in England. Many ladies wear them of a bright shade of red leather.

A furrier advertises: "Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

Coronet combs for the hair come in silver and gold filigree work. They are very effective for full dress, and are worn just like a crown.

Newly-imported silk stockings show contrasting colors—such as yellow on black, Indian red on pale green, and scarlet on either light or indigo blue.

"Ah!" said Louis XV., one morning, suddenly looking at his watch, "'tis the hour fixed for the funeral of Madame de Pompadour; she will have a fine day."

Young husbands very seldom allude to their first baby as "birdie." That may do for the mother during courting time, but who ever heard of a squalling birdie?

As usual, some bold and daring newspaper man rises to remark that "The prettiest thing in autumn bonnets are the faces." Give us the faces and anybody can have the bonnets—who wants to pay for them?

"The eighth wonder of the world," said the serious lecturer, "is wondering why a woman is always cross when she is combing her hair, to go some place." Great escapement of husbanded groans all over the hall.

"There's my hand!" he exclaimed, in a moment of courage and candor; "and my heart is in it." She glanced at the empty palm extended toward her, and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed—you have no heart."

It is a vulgar prejudice that the Mohametans do not allow souls to women. The gates of their heaven are open to both sexes, and seventy black-eyed girls of resplendent beauty will wait upon the meanest believer.

White satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and small oranges and blossoms, was worn by an English bride recently. As she was not the daughter of a fruiterer, the reason of such attire is a mystery. Her bridesmaids wore white and cherry.

Some one having propounded the query, "What invention would most benefit the community at large?" a suspicious married woman replies:

"A glass so framed that when the husband's out,
The wife at home can see what he's about."

A pure and good woman is a great power. Whether arising from the courage that is founded on a sense of responsibility, or whether unconsciously exercised and dictated only by her noble instinct, she has a great power in modeling the characters and regulating the conduct and lives of those who are under her influence.

Educational: Miss Smith had been whispering, and was called up for punishment. "Give me your hand," said Master Jones. "Alas! sir," sighed Miss Smith, "I cannot do it; it's not mine to give; I have already given it to another." "Well, then," said the schoolmaster, "I'll take the left hand." And he did, and left the impress of his ferule thereupon.

London *Truth*: "Even that lowest form of maternal instinct which makes the female animal fight to the death for her young, is absent from some mothers, and it would not be difficult to put one's hand on certain well-known women in society who have no more feeling for their offspring than they would have for so many helpless kittens or puppies. Indeed, the odds would be in favor of the beasts."

If, in the evolutions of nature and society, only the unreasonable of both sexes could be gotten together and made husbands and wives, everything would be carried out according to eternal fitness rules; but as such a thing is beyond the bounds of expectation, we suppose the world must go on mailing the reasonable to the unreasonable, to the destruction of harmony, peace and concord in the domestic circle.

A culinary novelty: Young ladies of the best families have deserted the old idea of refinement, and are about to put that quality on a new basis. Instead of sitting around and embroidering lilies and painting pond lilies on a shingle, they now devote themselves to the culinary art. An uptown young lady has recently frosted three loaves of cake with eminent success, the only difficulty being that she used salt instead of sugar for the groundwork. Perseverence, however, will eventually correct such little mistakes as that.

A man drove up at a terrific pace to the railroad station at Farwell, Mich., and inquired for his wife. She had eloped with a neighbor, and was about to take a train for the East. "Thank goodness, I'm in time!" the husband cried, in great excitement. The wife shrank cowering into a seat, and the bystanders expected a tragedy. "Here's your baby," he continued, producing a wee bit of a girl; "reckon you forgot her in your hurry. Now you can be off as fast as you like." Leaving the baby with the runaway pair, he drove away with his placidity entirely recovered.

A woman in New Orleans found her husband lying in a state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated, she gently turned him over to a more comfortable position, and, running her hand into his vest pocket, she extracted a $20 bill and remarked: "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been suffering for." She made a straight streak for the nearest millinery store. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at her heroic devotion to a husband who had by strong drink brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessaries of life.

News Notes.

A Tennessee mule has artificial ears.

Floor crossings are now made of cork.

Some of the new buttons are real silver.

White vulture feathers are used on opera hats.

Tree-planting day is to be a holiday in New Jersey.

Seven thousand Morwomen are divided among 3,000 Mormen.

At Greensburg a lad has died from the effects of a spider bite.

Meteoric stones are supposed to be the remains of destroyed planets.

The use of artificial extracts for flavoring should be carefully guarded.

A New York Jewish rabbi lately officiated at seven weddings in one day.

In Iowa there are thirteen lady candidates for superintendents of schools.

Disuse gradually softens the teeth. A hard crust is the best dentifrice.

The police of Boston now wear helmet-shaped hats of the London pattern.

Consumption, it is said, has been cured in Germany with creosote associated with balsam of tolu.

Bicyclers are getting as fanciful as fashionable ladies. There are now 32 styles of these vehicles.

At the Tallahassee, Fla., State fair a premium of six dollars was offered for the best darned stocking.

A Denver paper has a libel suit merely because it referred to good Dea. John Evans as "a nice old rooster."

New Zealand, with its 44,000,000 acres capable of cultivation, only had 800,000 under cultivation last year.

In New Zealand sparrows have multiplied to such an extent that poisoned wheat is being used to destroy them.

King Kalakaua is an Episcopalian. He was confirmed and married by the father of the late Dean Stanley.

Professional trappers of Maine sell furs of the value of much more than one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Christmas comes on Sunday this year, therefore the day will be very extensively and appropriately observed.

In his diary of European travel, the Shah of Persia says that an Englishman who disobeys a policeman is instantly put to death.

The application of powdered pine-wood charcoal to burns and scalds has been recommended by a foundry workman as giving speedy relief and cure.

A mother and daughter, belonging to one of the wealthiest families of Grand Rapids, Mich., were the brides of a double wedding, one day last week.

One Patrick Carroll has been sent to the Vermont State Prison for five years for assaulting a citizen who was aiding a police officer in making an arrest.

A North Carolina mob hanged a desperado, and after suspending him forty minutes pronounced the fellow dead. They generally are after that period.

The sowing of forest pine seeds has been begun by the Shakers at Enfield, Conn., and the State authorities are considering plans for encouraging this needed industry.

The work of extinguishing fires in New Orleans has been let to the firemen's charitable association of that city for five years at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year.

A new South American product called coraline is being used in the construction of ladies' corsets. It is light, flexible and durable, and will doubtless supersede whalebone.

Wolves have appeared this fall in great numbers in the east of France. A pack of them recently devoured a flock of fifteen sheep and a goat, in a field near a gentleman's country house.

A British baronet insured his life, and subsequently notified the insurance company that they must choose between accommodating him with a loan and having him commit suicide. The company had him arrested.

There are 80,000 Methodists in Iowa, and in that State they build churches at the rate of one every two weeks. One of the ministers, who was recently arraigned before his conference, promises not to go to a circus again.

The Princess of Wales some time ago made known her dislike to the custom practiced by the congregation at All Saints', London, and other churches which she attends, of rising at her entrance, and the practice has been dropped.

The well-meant effort of a clergyman to quiet a panic in a crowded church at Bradford, really increased the fright. He led off in a hymn at the top of his voice, but his yells were so unmusical that the people thought he was terrified, and the struggle toward the door was redoubled.

The Zoological Garden at Moscow is said to be in possession of a horse without hair. It was sent from Turkestan by General Kaufman. The color of the horse's skin is red, and his points are said to be admirable. He is, however, very sensitive to the cold, and has to be kept warm by thick woolen blankets.

Given Up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up, and said he must die."

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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That Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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50,000 SOLD!!! AGENTS WANTED for Life of GARFIELD

His early life and career as soldier and statesman; his election, administration, assassination, heroic struggle for life, wonderful medical treatment, blood-poisoning, removal to Elberon, death, etc. *Profusely illustrated.* Splendid portrait of him, his wife, mother; scene of the shooting; Guiteau in his cell; Surgeons and Cabinet. The *only complete* work yet out. *A fortune for agents who work quick.* Sale is immense. 50,000 sold. 50,000 in press. Outfit 50c. Address HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Humorous.

Revised axiom—To err is human, to forgive unusual.

Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.

It is seldom a man isn't hard up himself when you ask him to lend you a dollar.

A retired prize-fighter asserts that "a belt in a machine-shop is worth two in the mouth."

If Ananias had lived in these days he would have passed for a simple, guileless old man.

Susan B. Anthony wants the name of the Pullman cars changed to either Pull-man-and-woman or Pull-irrespective-of-sex cars.

It is not strange that when the sexton peals the wedding bells the contracting parties should be paired off.

The man who "jumps at the first opportunity" is not a safe person for boarding-house keepers to harbor.

The mutual duties of the church deacon and the monkey are to gather in contributions, while the organ plays.

"Why do you hide, Johnny?" said one boy to another. "I hide to save my hide," replied the other, as he he hied away to a secure spot.

There are men who, when told to be careful about the city water, and not let it run all night, reply, "Get what you pay for."

Ponder on these Truths.

Torpid kidneys, and constipated bowels, are the great causes of chronic diseases.

Kidney-Wort has cured thousands. Try it, and you will add one more to their number.

Habitual costiveness afflicts millions of the American people. Kidney-Wort will cure it.

Kidney-Wort has cured kidney complaints of 20 years' standing. Try it. See adv.

DON'T miss the Boston 20c. Store, 48 North 6th st., for your Holiday Goods. They are wonderful.

Organs and Pianos.

A great opportunity is now afforded our readers to buy Pianos and Organs at extremely low prices. Attention is called to the advertisements of the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey, which appear in this issue. An Organ or Piano is the most suitable Holiday Present, and we advise those who wish an instrument to order from Mr. Beatty. Read his advertisements carefully.

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 330 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

NOTHING ever can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as Pearl's White Glycerine and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

We manufacture on the premises for Builders and others, the

MARBLEIZED
SLATE MANTELS,
$15, $18 Upwards, A SINGLE MANTEL AT WHOLESALE PRICE.

Illustrated Catalogue Free if you mention "Saturday Evening Post." *WHITE STONE.*
PENNSYLVANIA MANTEL WORKS,
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MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK is decidedly THE BEST!
"The Prince and the Pauper,"
Will outsell all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly and secure choice territory, and we advise you to do the same. Outfits now ready. *Send at once* for circulars and terms to
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FITS Epilepsy, Spasms, etc. cured by a successful treatment. For Pamphlet with testimonials of permanent cures; address DR. ROSS, Richmond, Ind. *A pattern of Medicine for trial sent free.*

Your OWN Name set in Stencil Plate, with indelible Ink, Brush, &c. for marking clothing, cards, &c. 20c. postpaid. **Key Check** with name 25c. Big terms for agents, money doubled. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

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50 Large Advertising Cards, no two alike, complete in sets, 25c. postpaid. 50 Elegant All-Gold and Silver $1.00 postpaid. All different.
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AN UNPARALLELED OFFER. 24 STOPS. 13 OCTAVE REEDS. ONLY $63

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24 STOPS.

SPECIFICATIONS, as follows:

1 Cello, 8 ft tone. 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. 5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. 6 Saxophone 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Dulcesou, 8 ft. tone. 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone. 10 Grand Expression. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Harp Æolienne. 13 Vox Humana. 14 Echo, 8 ft. tone. 15 Duciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarionet, 8 ft. tone. 17 Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina, 4 ft. 19 Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. 20 Piccolo, 4 ft. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop.

BEWARE! Do not think of buying an Organ that does not contain an **Octave Coupler,** a stop which doubles the power of the instrument. All of my Organs have it. This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's art. It is very beautiful in appearance, being exactly like the above cut. The case is of solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand carving and elaborate fancy veneers. The music pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It has the best rubber Upright Bellows, with steel springs, rollers for moving, polished metal pedals, and handles, etc., etc. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

REMIT by Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft, or Registered Letters. Money refunded and all freight charges paid if not as represented. ☞ Come to Washington, New Jersey, and see Factory (3 acres of space within walls of building) and select in person. Elegant carriage for visitors meets all trains.

New Style No. 11000.—Dimensions: Height, 78 ins.; Depth, 26 ins.; Length, 49 ins.

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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,
With Thirty Changes of Positions.

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Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST. Address,

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Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequaled as a positive Alterative and Cure for **Asthma and Dyspepsia,** and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. R. F. Lee, of Belmore, O., says of it: "*I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing.*" If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to
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Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Always in position, **but invisible to others.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address,
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FREE TO YOU!

A Beautiful Pearl Shell Necklace and Locket!

Among the beautiful new goods imported from Europe this fall, the elegant **Pearl Shell Necklace and Locket** which is represented by the accompanying illustration, has attracted marked attention. Our engraving is reduced in size, shows only a section of the chain, does not do the goods justice, and, in fact, only a faint idea of the remarkable beauty of this charming Necklace and Locket can be obtained from it. The Necklace is composed of a number of beautiful Pearl Shells jointed with silvered ornaments; the Locket is of enamelled portrait in silver plate. This is not a child's Necklace, neither has it any appearance of cheapness; it is a new and beautiful design, will never tarnish or wear out, and will be admired by all who see it. We now propose to make an **Absolute Free Gift** of one of these elegant Pearl Shell Necklaces and Lockets to every one who desires to possess it. We propose, in order to extend the circulation of our large and beautiful magazine, THE FIRESIDE AT HOME, and introduce it into thousands of new homes, to give a NECKLACE AND LOCKET FREE to every THREE MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIBER. *Read our great offer: Upon receipt of* **Only 25 Cents** *in postage stamps, we will send* **The Fireside at Home for Three Months,** *and to every subscriber we will send one of these Elegant Pearl Shell Necklaces and Lockets Free.* THE FIRESIDE AT HOME is a large and handsome magazine of 32 large, double-column pages, with a handsome cover, elegantly printed and profusely illustrated. It is the largest and finest dollar magazine in the world. Each number contains a complete novel by a celebrated author, many interesting short stories, sketches and poems; many illustrated descriptive articles, very instructive; portraits and biographies of distinguished people; Ladies' Fancy Work, Sermons by leading Divines, Household Receipts, Farm and Garden Notes, Sparkles, Puzzles and Games for the Young, Wit and Humor, etc. By taking advantage of this great offer you can secure this large and charming magazine for three months (including all the brilliant holiday numbers soon to be issued) and our beautiful Pearl Shell Necklace and Locket—all for only 25 cents! Every lady should send for this great bargain for herself; every gentleman should send and get the magazine for himself and make the premium a present to a lady friend. The two will be sent to different addresses if desired. *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, also to the commercial agencies. Send at once, and get the greatest bargain of the age. Address,
F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, N. Y.

THE GRANDEST OFFER OF THE YEAR. ELEGANT SOLID ROLLED GOLD INITIAL CUFF-BUTTONS, WITH PATENT SEPARABLE BACK. In order to secure new customers for our firm, we will forward Post-paid, to any address in the United States, one pair of our elegant **Rolled Gold Solid Cuff-Buttons,** bearing any **initial desired,** provided you cut out this advertisement and forward to us, together with 75 cents in stamps, before **February 10th, 1883.** At the same time we send your **buttons** we will mail to you a bundle of our **catalogues,** and feel sure that you will be so highly pleased with the buttons, and they will give such satisfaction, that you will oblige us by distributing our catalogues among your friends, at the same time showing them the beautiful buttons you have received from us. You in this way **advertise our firm** and assist us in selling other goods of standard quality, manufactured from new and original designs, and which we **guarantee to give satisfaction.**

OUR LABOR AND FUTURE SALES OUR PROFIT.

We cannot afford to misrepresent in any particular. **Remember,** the buttons we send you are first-class in every respect, and that this unparalleled offer is made solely to introduce our goods and catalogues in your vicinity. You could not obtain a more useful or appropriate gift for a lady or gentleman friend. We can afford to send out only a limited number of these buttons at price named, and in order to guard against jewelers and others ordering in quantities, we will insert this advertisement but one time in this paper and require you to cut it out and return to us with your order so that we may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. If, after your buttons are received, you desire others, we will furnish **18 karat solid gold buttons at $5.75 per pair,** or if they do not please you return them and we will refund price. State what initial you desire on Buttons and order before **February 10th, 1883.** You can send stamps by mail at our risk. Address, EUREKA MANUFACTURING CO., 1020 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Facetiæ.

On the artless heart the flirt practices her heartless art.

A pair of eyes are not necessarily large because they are rheumy.

To find a lawyer who charges only a nominal fee certainly is phenomenal.

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

Put yourself in your enemy's place, but first ascertain what the place is worth.

Gold is judged of its fineness by comparison with a karat, the human heart is measured by the beat, and some heads are suggestive of the gentle cabbage.

He was asked if he knew the difference between "starboard" and "port," and, with a knowing leer, slowly replied: "H'm, well, rather, and I prefer port."

If distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses to return it, what remedy has distance? The court takes the papers and reserves its decision.

"I hope, John, you will contract no bad habits at college," said a solicitous mother. "Well," growled the husband, "I hope he'll not expand those he already has."

A country paper says, "Our brass band was out in full force on Saturday evening, and played several pieces as, we are glad to believe, only they could play them."

A Welchman claimed that nobody could truthfully deny that his countrymen are men of letters; "for," said he' "just see how many of 'em we get into one word."

A member of the New Hampshire Legislature denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman capital."

"No," said the prominent member of a Vermont parish, "Jackson will never do for deacon. He hain't got the qualifications. Why, darn it, I've cheated him on a horse trade myself."

One of the saddest coincidences connected with the Chicago fire is that just ten years from the day on which the calamity occurred, the entire White Stocking nine was reengaged for the season of 1881.

"How is it," asked a lady, "that Time is always represented as bald-headed?" to which a gentleman replied, "So many have taken Time by the forelock the probabilities are they pulled out all his hair."

A tourist in Switzerland, finding a charge in his bill for stationery, and being sure that he had ordered none, investigated the matter, and learned that the "stationery" was the ink and paper used in making out his bill.

"What will this come to?" writes a new poet on the margin of a sweet thing he sent us about a young man dying for love. It won't come to anything, young man. It will go, or more properly speaking, it has gone to the waste-basket.

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The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort, has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form. It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons. Kidney-Wort always and everywhere proves itself a perfect remedy.—Buffalo News.

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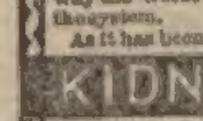

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VIOLIN Big Bargains. 64-page Catalogue, 125 kinds of instruments, free. Lowest prices. O. H. W. HAVEN, Importer, Boston, Mass.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

STATIONARY as our styles have appeared lately, they have not in reality been so, and it is only on looking back to the toilets of a few months since that we can judge of the many modifications Fashion has really undergone. Skirts are still clinging, though not so tight as formerly, and the tournure is making rapid strides in our favor. At first our tournures were only to be worn under the dress, now they are worn almost as much outside as inside. The inside tournure is composed of stiff muslin flounces, put one over the other, while outside it consists of very large loops made of the same material as the dress, or some part of it. These are from ten to twelve inches in size, and are generally lined with a different color, but corresponding with some part of the dress or trimmings. This outside tournure, which is put on over the back width and forms the necessary protuberance, is occasionally formed from the ends of the scarf, which is draped across the front of the dress; whatever means are employed, however, the effect is that of a bouffant panier. Then there are the small paniers placed over the hips; we should have thought the bouffant effect quite unfashionable a short time since, but now it is more frequently seen than otherwise. Gatherings and puffings of all kinds are having a long run, and are becoming to all but overstout figures. For a slim, girlish figure the collarette of gatherings at the throat and at the waist, with the materials left loose and bouffant between, is the most simple and useful style. Cashmeres and woollen materials look especially well made in this way.

As to the models of dresses, the short round skirt will undoubtedly be still preferred to all others for walking, and even for visiting and home dresses, through the autumn and winter, the demi-train being confined to dresses of quite ceremonious character—weddings, grand receptions, and dinners. For balls, opinions are divided, many ladies still holding for the graceful sweeping dress, while quite as many others are similarly adherent to the more convenient round skirt. The question will probably be solved this winter. In the meantime, that which interests us most is the useful walking dress for the autumn and early winter. This will mostly be made of some of the soft-finished woollen stuffs above mentioned, camel's-hair cloth, cashmere, cheviot cloth, basket-work tissues, or limousine. The short round skirt is either kilted all the way up in front, or trimmed with three or four pleated flounces, one of which is continued all round the foot; in the case of the kilted skirt a kilted flounce is also continued at the back. There is always some sort of drapery in the upper part. In some models the bodice is in the shape of a cuirass-basque, the edge of which is concealed by a scarf of the material pleated across and finished in a large bow and lapels, or in a series of loops forming the tournure; in others the basque bodice, buttoned down the front some inches below the waist, has small paniers applied on either side, shirred in front, then pleated and rounded off over the hips, losing themselves in the folds of the *bouffant* drapery at the back.

The bodice may be either quite plain, or shirred at the shoulders and waist-line. This should depend upon the figure of the wearer.

The full bodice is suitable only to very slight persons. Pockets are no longer apparent, they are concealed in the folds of the drapery: but collars, facings, and cuffs are worn, generally of some material different from the dress.

In simple costume of single colored woollen fabrics, checked stuffs are used for all such appliances.

If the dress is of cashmere or camel's hair, velvet or plush may be employed for trimmings and accessories, and brocaded silk looks well over a plain satin or grosgrain dress.

The Moick style of embroidery, called Renaissance, so fashionable this summer upon lining dresses, is now worked in silk for trimming cashmere or silk dresses. It is worked in bands, scalloped out at the edges for flounces, or else in strips of insertion. Collars, facings, cuffs, plastrons, pannels, sarves, and, tabliers are embroidered in the same way, and always in silk to match.

Fur borders for dresses are more used than ever, and are no longer restricted to the overdress and wrap, but are now seen in a single broad band near the foot of the lower skirt, or as panels down each side; a single wide border is more stylish than two or more narrow ones. The beaver furs are the favorite trimmings, but are too costly to be commonly used. The handsomest of these is the ombre natural brown beaver. Chinchilla is equally fashionable, and still more costly, but is used in narrower widths, on account of its deep fleece; three to five inches is preferred for chinchilla bands. Gray lynx bands are less expensive, and are beautiful on gray cloths. The natural raccoon-skins make a very effective trimming for light cloth. The black hare borders are of excellent jet black and fine lustre for trimming black cloth and other dark stuffs, and are inexpensive.

Jet is very fashionable, and likely to remain so through the autumn and winter. Bodices are made of black satin, entirely covered with black jet bugles, while the sleeves are of plain satin, beaded at the wrists only. With such bodices one wears tabliers composed of jet fringes, so close together as to leave no intervals between. The sides of the skirt frame in this tablier by being turned down over it so as to form a sort of revers not above two inches wide. The skirt, stretched plain over the hips, forms at the back a deep train, elaborately trimmed with draperies of black satin and black lace. Laces and guipure of all kinds—Irish, English, Venetian, Mechlin, etc.—will be in the greatest favor during the coming winter. The imitation laces have attained such a degree of perfection that they are fully accepted by the richest and most elegant. Lace flounces and scarfs are used on ball dresses in even still greater profusion than last winter, and dinner, reception, and evening toilettes are similarly adorned.

Brocaded silk and satin and cisele velvet will appear in most of the elegant costumes of the season. Velvet, both plain and figured, will rival plush, without excluding it. Both will be used, but rather in combination with other materials than by themselves. A new variety, called pressed plush, will come into fashion for the winter, and, if we see less of contrast in colors, we shall certainly notice at least as much difference in the tissues employed for one dress, as last season. Flowered satins, velvets, plushes and silks appear either in one or two shades only, one for the ground and one for the pattern. Algerian and Roman stripes in vivid color, though still appearing occasionally in the garniture of costumes, are less fashionable than last winter.

A mouse-grey satin skirt, made with seven scantily gathered flounces; velvet tunic of a lighter shade of grey; one of the corners turned up into the waistband. Iron grey satin bodice, with tuft guimpe gathered at the throat, and studded with light grey dots; velvet sailor collar, with satin necktie.

Very large collars will continue to be worn, both square and pointed. All styles will be in fashion—English with pleated jabots, Girondists, Louis XIII., Louis XV., etc.—to accord as far as possible with the character of the dress, when this is of marked style. Large collars are generally becoming; they terminate often in a cravat or jabot.

It is said that Worth is using plain silk fabrics—velvet, satin, moire, poplin, and reps de soie; very few striped materials, as they have become common. Evening dresses at his maison will be cut low and round on the shoulders, and demi-toilettes for dinner or theatre wear will be high, and cut out as a large triangle in front, the point descending to the waist; the opening of the triangle will be filled up with crepe lisse, lace, or tulle. The trimmings are pearl embroidery, and bands of rich-colored embroidery on satin or crepe. Long trains for evening dresses, and moderate paniers for very dressy toilets only.

Fireside Chat.

FLOOR STAINING.

CLEANLINESS is without doubt a great characteristic of the American people, but wide spread as it is, there are still a few points upon which some improvements and a little more thought and attention might with advantage be expended. Foremost amongst these stand carpets and floor coverings generally. The time these are allowed to remain untouched in the majority of households is really fearful to contemplate. An annual beating during the spring cleaning, and in rare cases an extra one before the winter sets in, are thought all-sufficient to keep the carpets of all the living rooms thoroughly clean. Let us think for a moment, however, what the accumulated dirt of 365 days means in a large family of growing boys and girls, or even in a household of grown-up people. The matutinal sweeping, it is true, expels a certain amount of dust and dirt, but, as a rule, more than half of it is carelessly allowed to settle in again. The impurities thus collecting materially taint the air we breathe, and, as they continually increase, undermine the health even of the strongest. This is essentially a modern evil. A hundred years ago our ancestors revelled in the healthful cleanliness of stained and polished boards, with mats strewed here and there; at the present time everyone vies with the other to have the thickest velvet pile carpet their income will permit, with a result not only injurious to their pockets, but, what is far more important, to their health. It is only necessary to watch a carpet being beaten to get an idea of the impossibility of keeping it clean in a room where fires are burning seven or eight months in the year, and where the windows are open and blacks fly in from the whole neighborhood.

Now the only way possible to keep a carpet clean is to shake it frequently, therefore if people could once be persuaded to return to the wholesomeness of polished boards with squares of carpets or mats which could be taken up every week without any trouble there is no doubt there would be fewer diseases of various kinds, all resulting from impure air, than there are at present. The revival of the Queen Anne styles of building houses has been very much admired by some people, and very absurdly condemned by others; but certainly if there is one point on which it merits approval, it is undoubtedly its superior cleanliness; for the floors, staircases, and passages without exception have their boards stained and polished. To prove how easy and simple this staining and polishing is, and to induce people to adopt it in their houses I will give a detailed account of the means which are employed, so as to show that any lady, when her means are limited, may either stain her floors herself, or direct one of her servants how to do it in case she may not wish to go to the expense of a professional stainer.

First of all the materials are bought at an ordinary oil and paint shop, the quantity varying with the amount to be stained. As a general rule, one quart of the staining liquid will be found sufficient to cover about sixteen square yards of flooring, but different kinds of wood absorb in different proportions, soft woods requiring more for the same space than hard woods. The colors of the stains are various, so that one may either choose ebony, walnut, mahogany, rosewood, satinwood, oak, medium oak, or maple, according to the paleness or depth of color desired. The cost of a quart of any of these is trifling. Besides this four pounds of size and a quart and a half a pint of the best varnish are required to finish the sixteen yards above mentioned. The necessary purchases are completed by a good-sized painter's brush. The work can then be commenced. If the wood is uneven it must be planed, and rubbed down to a smooth surface; whilst the cracks and spaces between the boards, if very wide, may be disposed of by a process called "slipping," by which pieces of wood are fitted in. The floor must next be carefully washed, and allowed to dry thoroughly. The actual staining may now be proceeded with. The liquid is poured out into a basin, and spread all over the floor with the large brush, the small one being used to do the corners and along the wainscoting, so that it may not be smeared. It is always best to begin staining at the farthest corner from the doorway, and so work round so that one's exit may not be impeded. It is also a good plan to work with the window open if there is no danger of much dust or blacks flying in, as the staining dries so much quicker.

After the floor is quite covered, the stainer may get a comfortable rest for about an hour whilst the drying is going on, during which there is only one thing relative to the work in hand which need be attended to. This is the size, which should be put in a large basin with half a pint of cold water to each pound, and then stood either on the hob or in the oven to dissolve. Before recommencing work also the brushes must be washed, and this is no great trouble, as a little lukewarm water will take out all trace of the stain and clean them quite sufficiently. The sizing is then laid on in exactly the same manner as the staining, always being careful to pass the brush lengthwise down the boards. If the size froths or sticks unpleasantly it must be a little more diluted with warm water, and sometimes, if the sediment from it is very thick, it is all the better for being strained through a coarse muslin The sizing takes rather longer than the varnish to dry, two or more hours being necessary even on a warm dry day. Not until it is quite dry, however, can the last finish be put to the work with the varnish. For this it is always safest to get the very best and to lay it on rather liberally, though very evenly and over every single inch, as the staining will soon rub off when not protected by it. The best way to ascertain whether it is varnished all over is to kneel down and look at the floor sideways with one's eyes almost on a level with it. Thus much for staining and varnishing. Some people, however, prefer the old-fashioned polish of bees' wax and turpentine instead of varnish.

The sizing is done the same way as for the other process, and whilst it is drying the polish to finish it may be made in the following manner: One pound and a-half of beeswax is mixed with five ounces of resin and one pint of turpentine in a basin, and then stood in the oven for a few minutes until it is melted to about the consistency of thick cream. When it is cool and perfectly dry it is rubbed rapidly on the floor with a cloth, and if it is too thick to allow of this it should be diluted with a little more turpentine; then it is brushed with some force with a brush which may be bought for the purpose, and finally finished off with a fine piece of baize. It will be seen from these directions that a great deal more time and labor have to be bestowed on this wax-polishing than on the varnishing process.

Correspondence.

READER, (Flint, Mich.)—Women have the right to vote in the Territory of Wyoming.

VIXEN, (Washington, Pa.)—The present Archbishop of New York is Cardinal McCloskey. He doubtless wears the episcopal ring, as you describe.

MEDES, (Calhoun, Ill.)—A grain of gold may be drawn into 500 feet of wire, and Wollaston obtained a wire of platinum only one-30,000th of an inch in diameter. Platinum is a metal. There are several metals which are used exclusively in plating, and gold and silver make the finest.

F. H. C., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"In what year, and by whom, was Fort Mifflin, at the junction of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, built?" This fort was built by the Federal Government, gradually taking the place of the old Mud Fort that was built by the Colonial Government during the Revolutionary war.

WILD FLOWER, (Lawrence, Miss.)—Your determination to try in future and make a living for yourself and be no longer a burden on your parents who are poor, is to be commended. Make application to the central office, and explain fully your circumstances. They will inform you what steps you should take. Your handwriting is very good.

B. HALEY, (Moorestown, N. J.)—Thousands, we dare say, would rise up and call us blessed, if we could prescribe a cure for hard and soft corns. We know of no cure that will prove efficacious in every case, except that the sufferer should go for a time barefooted. Tight boots are the progenitors of corns, if not to cure them entirely.

B. FRANK, (G. Lynchburg, O.)—To make indelible ink use one and a half grains of nitrate of silver, one ounce of distilled water, half an ounce of strong mucilage of gum arabic, three-quarters of a drachm of liquid ammonia. Mix in a clean glass bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a dark place till dissolved, and afterwards. Write on the linen with a quill pen; immediately hold the writing to the fire, or pass a hot iron over it.

ADELINE H., (Carrollton, Md.)—Who told you you were "decidedly ugly?" If it was your female acquaintances, don't believe them. Young men are better judges on such points. Beauty is a relative quality in a female, not an absolute quality as many suppose it to be. Behind a rough exterior and a plain face, there may exist a tender heart, a loving soul, a nature full of the milk of human kindness. These are the qualities that men love in women far more than the accident of a pretty face.

LAND LEAGUER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Mr. Parnell's father was an Irishman, but his mother was an American. She has resided, we believe, since the death of her husband, on Staten Island, near New York. Some members of the family live in Ireland and some in America. One brother, who is also a landholder in Ireland, is a barrister or Queen's Counsel in Dublin. Another brother, John, has a peach orchard in Alabama. Mr. Charles S. Parnell, M.P., now in prison, is unmarried.

SUBSCRIBER, (Lancaster, S. C.)—Article 1, section 8, of the Constitution of the United States, provides that Congress shall have power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States." This confers upon Congress the exclusive legislative control over the District of Columbia, but does not allow the inhabitants any vote for Presidential electors.

INQUIRER, (Shelby, O.)—Some people are constitutionally corpulent, and nothing in the world will keep them thin and healthy. There are others, however, who become stout through want of proper exercise, and by eating and drinking too much. We cannot of course tell to which of these categories you belong, and therefore we would say to you, if you are stout by nature, let nature alone: if stout through indolence and over-feeding, take as much exercise as you can bear; have recourse to a sparer diet and imbibe as little fluid of every description as you possibly can.

GEORGE, (Ida, Iowa.)—1. Doctor Samuel Johnson was an English scholar of great independence of character, industry, force, and variety of attainments. He was born in 1709, and died in 1784. He was author, poet, biographer, critic, and conversationalist. 2. Sidney Smith was a witty clergyman and essayist, who is most remembered by his jokes. He never rose to any important place. He said that he and a graver brother—in the same profession—contradicted the laws of nature, as the brother had risen by his gravity, and he had been kept down by his levity. 3. Your handwriting is neat and careful.

BALDY, (Sharp, Ark.)—The bad habit of wearing hats indoors is also very hurtful to the hair. In 1806, after the famous battle of Jena, in which the Prussians were completely defeated by Napoleon I., Baron Larry, the celebrated military surgeon, perceived that many of the German prisoners were completely bald. Surprised, he made inquiries as to the cause of this, and he found that they owed their baldness to the shape—as ugly as unhealthy—of their caps. The foul air of their head-gear, having no issue, destroyed the vitality of the hair. So, if you regard the human fleece, do not keep it perpetually imprisoned.

M. M., (Elgin, Ill.)—In a well-assorted marriage, the question, whether a woman should earn money for her husband, is never raised between man and wife. A woman that loves her husband will not hesitate to do everything in her power to further his interests. However, as a question of abstract right, the wife ought only to attend to her household duties. This, it is true, is making money, or, which is the same thing, saving money for her husband. But this is all a man of proper feeling will expect of his wife; unless, indeed, it be that he is incapacitated to earn any money for himself, and is in need of the necessaries of life.

MICHAEL D., (Pittsylvania, Pa.)—When a young lady has thrown a young gentleman over for another, but soon after asks the one thrown over to call upon her again, it seems to us to show that she had repented of her conduct. If in your place in relation to this young lady, we should be guided by a conjoint view of many circumstances which you do not mention, such as the way in which the throwing overboard occurred, the character of the fair thrower, the strength of attachment to her. We are not able so to put ourselves in your place, with your very general account of the situation, as to say just what we should do. Only this we are sure of: if "thrown overboard," we should try not to sink. Whether to go back to the ship or to go to land would depend on circumstances. Perhaps you deserved and required this discipline for the comfort of the ship.